

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. LXVIII.—No. 1771.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27th, 1930.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.
[POSTAGES: INLAND 2d., CANADA 1½d., ABROAD 3½d.]



Lafayette.

VISCOUNT WILLINGDON, G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., G.B.E.

160, New Bond Street, W.1.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2.

Telegrams: "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON; Tele. No.: TEMPLE BAR 7351.

Advertisements: 8-11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2; Tele. No.: TEMPLE BAR 7780.

CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|---|----------|
| OUR FRONTISPIECE: VISCOUNT WILLINGDON, G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., G.B.E. | 819, 820 |
| "WHAT DID YOU JOIN THE ARMY FOR?" (Leader) | 820 |
| COUNTRY NOTES | 821 |
| THE INHERITANCE, by Lady Janet Bailey | 821 |
| NIGHT MOTLEY, by James Walker | 822 |
| WINTER VISITORS | 823 |
| FAMOUS HUNTS AND THEIR COUNTRIES: THE TIVERTON | 826 |
| GOOD HUNTING, by Alfred Cochrane | 829 |
| THE SPANISH HORSES; OTHER REVIEWS | 830 |
| THE END OF THE YEAR, by Bernard Darwin | 831 |
| COUNTRY HOME: ANGLESEY ABBEY, by Arthur Oswald | 832 |
| THE COUNTRY WORLD | 838 |
| CATCHING A RHINO, by G. L. Bailey | 839 |
| AT THE THEATRE: DEVON AT THE DUCHESS, by George Warrington | 840 |
| CORRESPONDENCE | 841 |
| A Spotted Flycatcher (Phyllis Spender-Clay); "Natural Pyramids" (R. Combe); At Owner's Risk (Elena Gaffron); The Hoopoe (Dr. Walter E. Collinge); A Mammal that Lays Eggs; The Smallest School (H. W. Burnup); The Expression of the Emotions; A Village Relic (Geoffrey Bradley); In Roman Africa (C. Delius); "The Deaf Adder" (M. Portal). | |
| COUNTRY LIFE "CROSSWORD No. 48" | xxi |
| THE ESTATE MARKET | xxv |
| THE AUTOMOBILE WORLD, by the Hon. Maynard Greville | xxvi |
| THE TRAVELLER: THE ITALIAN RIVIERAS | xxviii |
| TRAVEL NOTES | xxx |
| DECEMBER PARTRIDGES | xxx |
| FLOWER GARDEN NOTES | xxxii |
| THE LADIES' FIELD | xxxiv |
| Nursery Débutantes, by Kathleen M. Barrow. | |

EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs and sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return, if unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

"What Did You Join the Army For?"

THE five hundred ex-Servicemen from hospitals in and around London who were entertained a week ago at the Royal Riding School at Buckingham Palace made up the first of the many jolly Christmas parties now, unhappily, over, at which men who were comrades in the War that ended twelve years ago met one another again and made merry together, and at which those others who owe them a debt they can never repay had an opportunity of showing them they were "not forgotten." The same Christmas spirit has brought together in every town and village sometimes large gatherings and sometimes only little groups of men who had in common perhaps only the facts that they came from the same place, and that they shared the most astonishing experiences which ever overtook a whole generation. Even in the smallest villages where there is no such organisation as the British Legion to bring men together, the mere appearance of a well remembered face in the tap-room of the village inn and the greeting "Ah, back home again for Christmas?" have been enough to swing the talk to times when Christmas leave was hard to get and a pint of beer still harder.

At such times the once tiresome experiences of training camps and route marches take on a new glamour, the old stories are received with even more than the old accompaniment of cheers and laughter, the old battles are re-fought, all the old jests in terms of speech which once came so readily to the lips begin to reappear again, and as the evening advances the old songs are sung once more. A

stranger, as Thomas Hardy might have said, who had no knowledge of the happenings in Europe during the past fifteen years and who found himself in the midst of such a gathering might well be astonished and not a little puzzled at the curious technicalities, the jargon, the obscure allusions and the apparently meaningless songs. In another thirty years or so all the world will be strangers in this sense, and the songs and conversation of the British soldiers of the Great War will be a sealed book to mankind, the inner and esoteric meaning of his words unseizable as the comradeship and experiences that gave them birth. Nobody will remember what was meant by that pious injunction "Kiss me, sergeant!" Nobody will remember who Minnie was, nor what particular pitch of apathy or desperation called forth the words "San Fairy Ann." "Scrounging" will still be going on in a none too perfect world, no doubt, but it will be called by another name, and though tin-hats may still survive, toasting-forks and tin-openers will be as mysterious as toffee-apples.

The study of all these words and phrases and how they arose is a fascinating one, but even though they have been collected and explained in a most interesting book by Mr. Brophy and Mr. Partridge, their real meaning is still likely to escape those who do not know. And how fascinating are the songs and choruses the soldier sang. Why, out of all that were already written, did he select the ones he did? And who were the authors of the songs that were never written? They were of many different kinds. "Oh my, I don't want to die, I want to go home" explains itself, and the same spirit half-mocking, half-longing infuses that less orthodox catalogue of bliss in store, "When this blasted War is over." This was the soldier's mood which Siegfried Sassoon has described.

Dreaming of things they did with bat and balls,
And mocked by hopeless longing to regain
Bank-holidays, and picture-shows, and spats
And going to the office in the train.

A feeling that military discipline hardly suited him and that the Army system was hopelessly out of date, no doubt indicated such ditties as "We are Fred Karno's Army" and "At the Halt on the Left Form Platoon," but it was the mock-heroic spirit which poked fun not only at war, but at the soldier's own desire for peace and rest (and so prevented it getting the better of him) which produced what will, no doubt, appear to our descendants such shameless songs as "I Don't Want to Die" and "I Don't Want to be a Soldier."

It would be impossible now to decide which of all these songs and choruses, so necessary to the soldier at the time, was really the most popular. They succeeded one another as the prevailing mood of the Army changed. Route marches demanded one kind of song, heavy fatigues another, and the evening in rest billets or the *estaminet* an entirely different kind again. But for most soldiers the songs that remain most firmly in their minds are those they sang in the early days of 1914 and 1915. In their mind's eye they see once more "that loveliest sight in the world, an infantry battalion in column of route upon a summer day, with the rhythm of the march constant in every swinging limb," and they hear once more a thousand men who were once their comrades singing, "Here we are, Here we are, Here we are again!" Or that dear old piece of sentimental slush, "Good-bye, Tipperary! Good-bye, Leicester Square!" And those memories will not fade until there comes that sudden call of "Last orders, please" and the door opens and, leaving the warmth of the pleasant hearth, they go forth, as they did once before, into the Night.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Viscount Willingdon, G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., G.B.E., Governor-General of Canada, whose appointment as Viceroy and Governor-General of India, in succession to the Right Hon. Lord Irwin, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., has just been announced.

** It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted, except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



COUNTRY NOTES

THE administrators of the Pilgrim Trust have chosen wisely in devoting two of their grants of money to the Royal Institution and the Durham Castle Restoration Fund. Since the first warning of the imminent collapse of the Castle was given several appeals for help have been made, but the depressed conditions of industry in and around Durham, which have been greatly aggravated during the last year, have prevented any very satisfactory response. So far, only the northern portion of the river front has been secured, but this gift will now make it possible for work to be started on the more dangerous portion farther south. But even then much will remain to be done, and a large sum of money will still have to be raised before the building can be regarded as safe. Anyone who has seen the courtyard of the Castle during the last three years will know how imminent is the danger to the Norman gallery which has only been saved by shoring from falling into the court. This and much else will require attention when the chief problem of saving the river front has been dealt with. No city in England has a view to compare with that of Durham's splendid group of buildings, and that the Castle should be allowed to slide to its ruin is unthinkable even in hard times like these.

A DAY when a solid pall of darkness hung over London was appropriate to the Electricity Commissioners' enquiry into the effect that the proposed new Fulham generating station would have on the atmosphere. Elaborate mechanism was described for eliminating sulphur fumes, but the witness had to admit that he did not know of any generating station in the world where sulphur is completely eliminated. In fact, the argument which obtained sanction for the new Battersea power station, and which is being urged now on behalf of the Fulham one—namely, that the fumes can be treated so as to have no damaging effect either on health or buildings—clearly breaks down. Sir Frank Baines gave some instances of the rapid decay of stonework under sulphur fumes. He reckoned that £60,000,000 worth of damage was done in twenty-five years over the whole of England. In Whitehall, stonework on a new office building has decayed $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in six years, while even in remote Yorkshire dales such ruined abbeys as Byland and Rievaulx, that have stood firm for centuries, are becoming brittle from the fumes of industrial regions. Obviously, power stations, and large ones, are necessary, but they should not be placed where the prevailing wind carries their effluvia over the densest parts of London. And, in any case, the time is not far distant when local generating plant will be put out of date by great distributing centres in the coalfields. South-east Kent may well become London's power station before long.

THE pun is to-day rather a despised institution, and even if a modern Hood should arise, it is to be doubted whether he would be very popular. Yet the art of punning can be carried to so ingenious a pitch that we cannot withhold our frantic admiration, and there surely never

have been such supreme and outrageous punsters as those who write the Epilogue to the Westminster Play and make a long Latin sentence sound exactly like English. In their last effort the most tremendous of these puns is surely "Belua avent scænam igitur causa." This, after some thought, we take to be: "Bill, you haven't seen a midget-er course"; but really, if we had not been told that there was a miniature golf course involved, we might have had to give it up. Whether those who hear the puns are quicker in the uptake than those who only read them we do not know, but, at any rate, the perusal in next morning's *Times* is very good fun, even though it makes us feel that our knowledge of Latin is essentially general rather than particular, and that we have become even rustier than we had supposed.

THOUSANDS who only watched him in the cricket field will have heard with a very genuine sorrow of the death of Mr. J. W. H. T. Douglas, who was drowned with his father in the tragic collision between the *Oberon* and the *Arcturus*. If he was not one of those players who inspire a frantic adoration in the crowd, he compelled admiration and respect, for he had in an abundant degree those gifts of courage and endurance which everyone envies and no one dares disparage. If he meant to keep his wicket up, no barracking, no jests of "Johnny—won't—hit—to-day," could turn him from that resolute, almost heroic stone-walling, and let the weather be never so hot and the batsmen never so well set, he would attack them at the end of a long day with unimpaired enthusiasm. All the qualities that made him in his day one of the greatest of our amateur boxers he showed also in his cricket. He will not, perhaps, go down to history as one of the great captains, but if he sometimes made mistakes in tactics, his dourness and sticking power always stood him in good stead, and it was as a captain that he achieved his outstanding feat, when he had to lead England owing to Mr. P. F. Warner's illness and brought home the Ashes from Australia. Above everything else, he was a man of character, and as such he will always be remembered.

THE INHERITANCE.

The house is strongly builded.
Within, the fires burn bright,
And folds of coloured fabrics,
Of subtly-sombre satins,
And coolly-crackling chintzes,
Shut out the staring night.

The house is strongly builded.
And I have naught to fear.
Then why must I needs waken
In trembling trepidation,
When through the curtained casement
The tempest's voice I hear?

The house is strongly builded.
But I am come of men
Who sought their bread in danger;
Upon wild wastes of water
They trafficked and they travelled,
Beyond their women's ken.

The homes were strongly builded
Wherein those women dwelt;
But oh! their ears were quickened
To hear the storm-wrack's signal,
And when the tempest threatened
They trembled—and they knelt.

Mine house is strongly builded.
I have no man at sea.
But from a-down the ages,
Those wan-eyed watching women
Have left, of their vain vigils,
A legacy to me.

JANET BAILEY.

THERE has lately been a fine feast of squash rackets. On the same day there were the final of the Amateur Championship and the second half of the challenge match for the professional championship. A day or two later came a match between amateurs and professionals at the

Bath Club. Both the Championship matches ended as was expected. Butcher, with a long lead and in his own court, proved too good for Read; youth has once again been served, but Read has gone down with colours flying. Captain Cazalet beat K. C. Gandar Dower, but only after a terrific struggle in which his adversary led by two games to one. The result of the third match was, perhaps, rather unexpected. Professionals have in the past been able to give very long odds even to the best amateurs, since even when skill has been more or less equal, the legs of the man who is always at it have outlasted those of the one who has something else to do. This time the amateurs received three points, and the general opinion was that this would hardly be enough, but they won, nevertheless, by the odd match in five, and Captain Cazalet had a great individual triumph, even though the court was in his favour, in beating Butcher. It is always cheering when amateurs do well, whatever the game.

AFTER a great deal of parleying it has been decided that Eros is to return to Piccadilly Circus, and now it appears that there is hope even for the flower girls, too. Not long ago the Works Committee of the Westminster City Council recommended that their three years' banishment should be extended indefinitely, that—

The sly, slow hours should not determinate
The dateless limit of their dear exile.

But even in the stern breasts of city councillors there exists deep down a shy little spring of sentiment, and the thought of a Circus without flowers has evidently proved so dismal a prospect that the Works Committee has been asked whether it cannot think twice about its recent decision. The ordinary man or woman naturally asks, Why all this severity to the flower girls? And the answer is that any inducement towards risking your life in crossing the Circus must be rigorously eschewed. Sitting on their lonely island, the flower girls, it is said, would become Sirens, and, though their cries might be drowned in the roar of the traffic, the gaiety of their flower baskets glimpsed between the 'buses might lure weak-willed mortals to their destruction. But for once let us hope that counsels of "safety last" may prevail and that our blood may be upon our own heads.

WHEN first the National Gardens Scheme was started for the benefit of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing everyone must have thought it a delightful plan. Many, however, may have doubted whether it would be practically successful, whether there were enough people in the world who loved pretty gardens well enough to contribute a considerable sum of money for the privilege of seeing them. It is very satisfactory to find that such doubts were unjustified and that the scheme has this year produced over £10,000, which is some £2,500 more than in the previous year. Here is a really solid sum of money for an admirable object produced by the generosity of garden owners and the enthusiasm of garden lovers. The fee charged for seeing a garden is, in every case, quite a small one, and it is, therefore, pleasant to know that there is so large a number of people who take the opportunity when it is given them. Those who own beautiful gardens will, no doubt, be encouraged to throw them open for another year, since they know that their kindness is appreciated. There is a bond between all owners of gardens, great and small, which this scheme does much to strengthen.

THE admission of long-distance motor coaches into the central area of London has become an abuse which we have repeatedly urged the Ministry of Transport to correct, and Londoners as a whole will warmly support the Minister's excluding order. Opposition will, naturally, be offered by the companies concerned, who consider that they have established a right to pick up passengers at central points, such as the big West End hotels. Indeed, the order should have been made two years ago, when the system was in its infancy and vested interests had not taken root. But foresight is not one of the virtues that distinguish Government departments. The coach companies make a great point of being able to pick up visitors, with their luggage, at their hotels. But there is no reason

to suppose that such people, having decided to travel by coach, will be deterred from doing so by the necessity of taking a taxi to the established coach station just as they would to a railway station. It is not quite clear whether the coaches engaged on "seeing London" tours will be excluded, since the order makes an exception in favour of coaches "hired as a whole and used on special occasions for the conveyance of a private party." But the main point is that the chief thoroughfares will cease to be congested by vehicles the size of a railway engine.

NIGHT MOTLEY.

(Just before sleep comes.)

Night is a deep, still well of silent waters,
And sounds are stones dropped in.
Sleep is a slumberous sea of whispering waters
And dreams are argosies afloat therein:

Laden with silks and wine,
And amarynth and spice,
And winking ruby-shine,
And sacred, green-eyed mice.
And pearls that naked men
Perilled the deeps to get,
(Sunken to deeps again
For more men yet).

White gems that women wore,
Years ago and years,
Who sold themselves to kings for
These pain-begotten tears.
And rich satins bundled in,
Pilfered by what lustful hands?
From what bodies? By what sin?
Through what Golden Lands? . . .

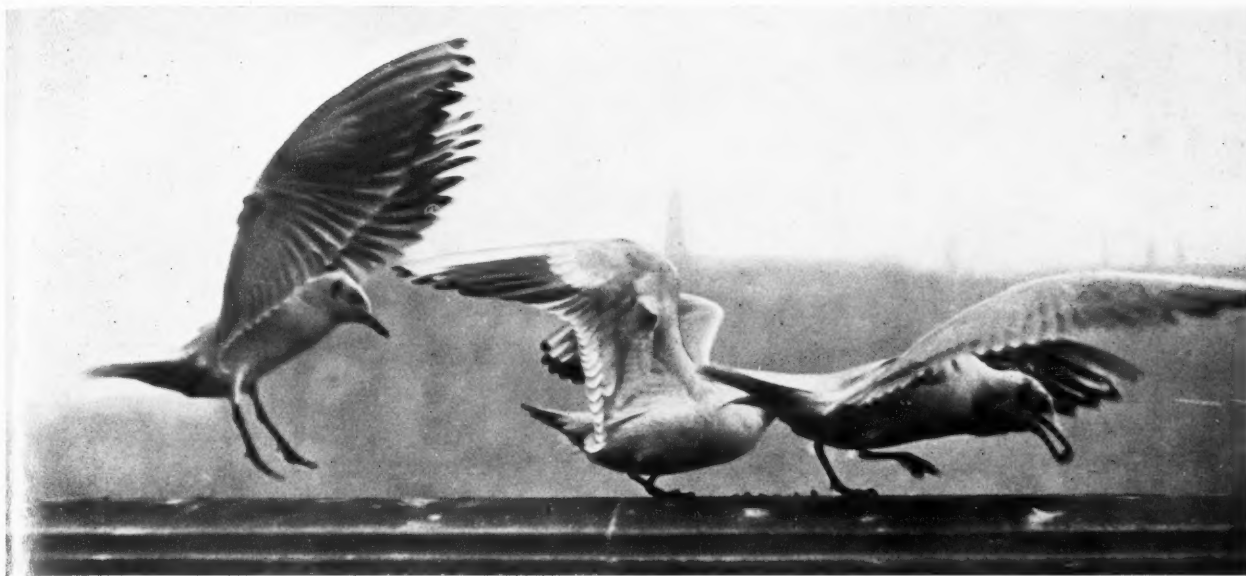
Dream-argosied Romance
That whirls the dreamer high
In one forgetful dance
Along the sky,
With stars as stepping-stones
Through the River of the Night,
While the little wind intones
Flute-music out of sight. . . .

Flute-music out of sight . . .
While the little wind intones
Flute-music out of sight
That the little wind intones . . .
Little wind intones . . .
Little wind . . . flute music . . . out of sight . . .
Little wind . . . flute music . . .
Little wind . . .

JAMES WALKER.

AN unattractive side of the British character is shown in some of the opposition to the Bill for lending works of art abroad, the second reading of which was adjourned in the Lords last week. Having benefited by the generosity of the Dutch, Belgian, Italian and other Governments in lending their treasures, it is "canniness" itself for us to turn round now and say that we cannot let the guardians of our national collections take any risks by lending some of our own possessions in return. There are great risks in lending works of art, obviously: even in allowing them out of their homes. But the service performed by loan exhibitions to the mutual understanding of nations is so great that the caution of connoisseurs and curators must be viewed in its proper perspective. Most of the opposers of the Bill took exception only to the latitude it allowed and were willing that examples of English art and crafts should be lent. If that much latitude is admissible, it is difficult to see why Lord Crawford should object so strongly to there being "lists of pictures which may be sent abroad." The damage to which works of art are liable from vibration, changes of atmosphere, and sheer carelessness, justify us in refusing to lend many of our finest possessions; but there are others of no less importance which the first two sources of damage are not likely to affect injuriously. Some such body as the Fine Arts Commission could be entrusted to schedule works which cannot be loaned, and those that, in certain circumstances, might be. Our attitude to foreign friends would then at least be conciliatory.

WINTER VISITORS



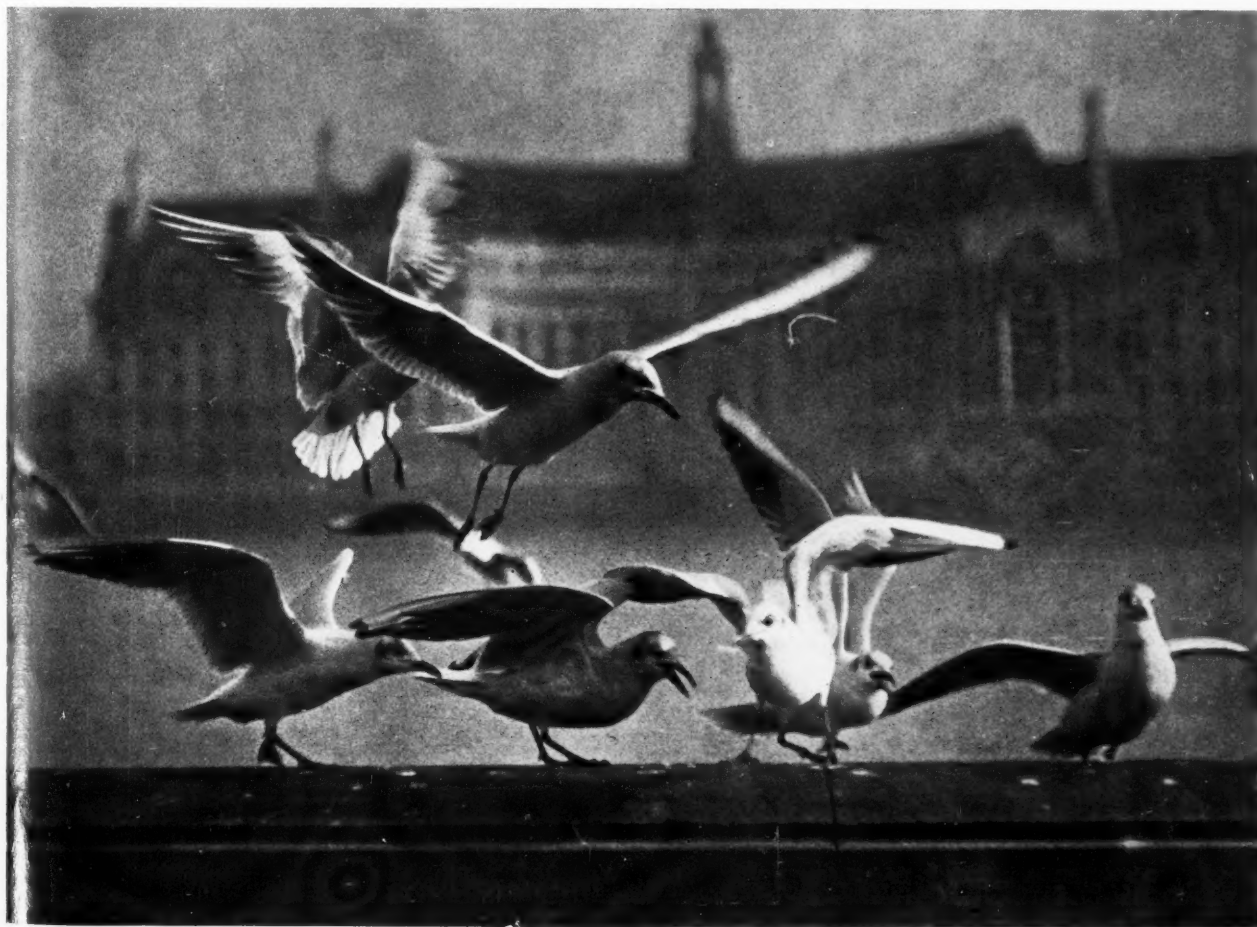
"THEY SWEEP DOWN UPON IT WITH INFINITE GRACE AND PRECISION."

THE London gulls have long since finished their summer holidays, and have returned to the serious business of picking up a living along the reaches of the Thames, watching with piercing eyes the slightest movement which may herald the appearance of refuse from the barges that lumber up and down between the bridges; screaming querulously as they rise and plunge, swoop and fall, on any more or less dainty morsel flung overboard. Their eternal, high-pitched conversation, alternated with their short squawks of alarm, may be heard along the Embankment at any hour in these grey and gusty days of November and December.

They are, indeed, true citizens of London, necessarily more avid than the sparrows in their struggle for life, less placid and prosperous than the well fed pigeons of St. Paul's. Yet it is this very hectic search for food and livelihood which stirs them into that movement that renders them so vital and so beautiful

a part of London's winter landscape. No matter how squalid their immediate object, they sweep down upon it with infinite grace and precision; they respond so sensitively to the changing currents of the air, accepting the inevitable dictates of the wind.

The subject of a bird's flight may be expressed in terms of cold-blooded mathematics; it may be spiritualised and transferred to the supreme heights of poetic fantasy, conveying us, as it were, to the very gate of Heaven; or it may be depicted in the more sober, but none the less delightful, terms of modern photography. There are minds so constituted that the bare theme of the resistance offered by the air to the passage of a body through it is one of engrossing absorption. To people gifted with such special and high-level intellects Newton's dictum that this resistance increases with the *square* of the velocity of the body may come as a simple and illuminating flash on a dark and difficult problem. Further, when learned professors demonstrate that



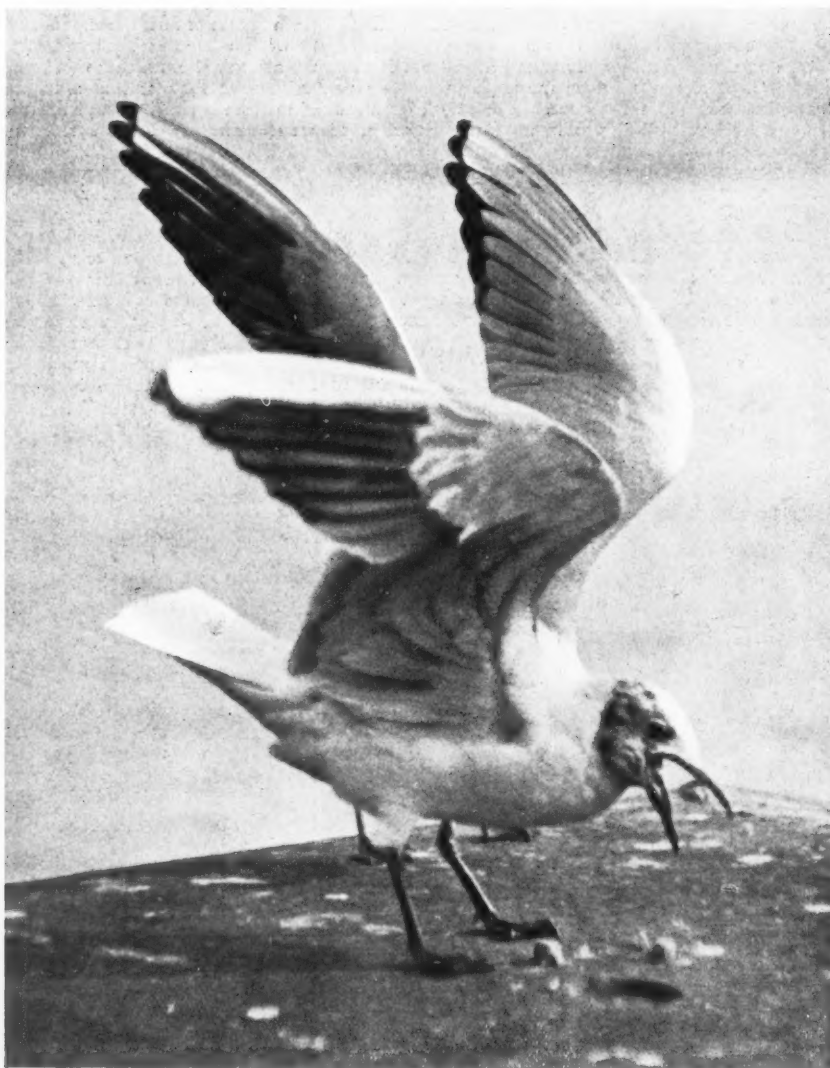
H. Hall.

VISITORS FOR BOADICEA.

Copyright.



THE FEATHERS FLEXED AGAINST THE WIND.



A. H. Hall.

"THEIR IMMEDIATE OBJECT."

Copyright.

this resistance increases directly with the sectional area at right angles with the axis of motion (the geometrical form of the body being similar), and that this velocity and area multiplied by one another and by a numerical coefficient gives the resistance, I have not the least doubt that the mathematical folk, to whom we have referred, are perfectly well satisfied, and that it helps them to gain a more perfect and comprehensive perception of the problem of a bird's flight. For myself, I can only confess that, fundamentally important as they may be, such facts leave me cold.

The flight of a bird, when compared with what we call man's flight, is as poetry to prose :

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the
ground !

—somewhat to misapply Shelley's lines. In few birds can we better study the higher levels of finished flight than in sea birds : partly because of their slower and more dignified movements, as well as their tendency to glide ; and partly, it must be owned, because of their easier accessibility for the photographer.

For, when all is said and done, it is conquering of the air is not flying : it is a progression through the air. We may admire man's skill, but it is still of a totally different quality from that displayed by a bird in flight. There never can be in it any of the extreme refinement of action, the extreme delicacy of response to altering currents of air, the acute sensibility of position, the perfect power of balance, the instantaneous and certain readjustment of a "side-slip" in the air as is seen in the case of a bird.

There is another beauty of patterned flight which, in writing about gulls, one cannot possibly forget. There are moments well worth living for when, against the blue-green background of the Atlantic, they swoop and dive and rise and circle in their hundreds through

the summer sunshine. On a day of early summer, one of those "days of clouds in fleets," you may start out from Penzance and, after striding through long stretches of rhododendron scrub, find yourself in the open heath on the way to Zennor. All around you lie memorials of a vanished past; hut-circles and menhirs of incredible antiquity, mines as old as Roman Britain, but now fallen into disuse. And as you swing down through the

discordant, and then suddenly dropping to the merely plaintive. Here it is that the gulls become humanised; they strut in and out of the house, and the women pet and feed them. As they glide past with buoyant and easy grace you will suddenly see them drop, clumsily fluttering to the surface of the water, where they will chatter and argue for hours over morsels thrown by some good lady above. Then they will settle on one of the gently swinging



A. H. Hall.

AT WESTMINSTER.

Copyright.

bracken to Zennor Cliffs, a great cloud of sea birds will rise before you, and the very air will vibrate with wings.

Blotches of rusty red on ledge and cliffs,
With grey-green spots on them, while right and left
A dizzying tangle of gulls are floating and flying,
Circling and crying, over and over and over,
Crying with swoop and hover and fall and recover.

But if you will see them at their thickest, you must go to the creeks and harbours, to Fowey, let us say, in the early morning, when the mist is rising from the hills. There the little gardens are green to the edge of walls that drop sheer into the river. Below lie small boats at anchor, the tide just rippling past them. And over all is the clamour of seagulls, tumultuous, wrangling and

boats: settle by the score, and for a short time in their lives keep almost perfect silence, until there comes a sudden jar and, with a swirl, they are once more a tumbling, tossing cloud in mid-air. And, surely, to try to translate such ethereal movements as are here depicted into mere words explanatory of the actual mechanics of flight seems but a gross and sordid task, even if one had the necessary knowledge. It should be enough for the average man—for most of us—that in these illustrations we can see the actual presentment of flight in a clearer and more definite fashion than if the living gulls themselves were before our eyes. One can almost hear the wild, thin chorus, the raucous cries, the very skirling and the screeing, and catch a whiff of the sharp, salt air and the tang of the open sea. R. J.

Famous Hunts and their Countries

THE TIVERTON



A TYPICAL PIECE OF THE TIVERTON COUNTRY, NEAR CALVERLEIGH.
A country of small grass fields divided by big banks, on top of which are fences.

A MILD sensation was caused in fox-hunting circles in the year 1895, when it became known that the Pytchley Hounds were being led by some strange creatures imported from Wales. The Midland grass countries, absorbed with the idea of pace, had never doubted the working qualities of their own packs, and it was a trifle galling to find that Welshmen could not only travel as fast, but could also own a line under conditions which defeated the locally bred hounds. Everyone, of course, knows the difficulties under which the Shires labour. Grass countries suffer from bad scenting days just as much as any other type, and the temptation is almost irresistible to provide a gallop at all costs for those of whom the most critical section probably neither know nor care whether there is a fox in front of hounds. But if that is ever permitted, the hounds cannot be expected to remain unaffected, and sooner or later the tendency to look for help has to be corrected by the introduction of some absolutely pure fox-hunting talent. History now repeats itself (though not in connection with the Pytchley), and this time it is Devon which has just had the honour of supplying hounds to lead a pack in the Shires—and those hounds have been supplied by the Tiverton kennel.

But that is not by any means the only claim to fame which the Tiverton pack possesses. For a great many years these hounds have been showing sport of the very best and purest type, but their country lies so far from the beaten track that they have had a local rather than a national reputation. For the benefit of those who are unacquainted with the geography of Devon it may be as well to explain that Tiverton is about thirteen miles north of Exeter, and about eleven miles south of Dulverton, or, say, twenty miles south of Dunkery Beacon. The Tiverton hounds hunt three days a week, in an area which is about twenty miles from east to west and about twelve from north to south, with Tiverton town as its centre, their neighbours being the Dulverton on the north, the Eggesford on the west, the Silverton on the south and the Taunton Vale on the east. Their country is not nearly so rough as some others farther west, but it is in every respect typical of Devon. The points most likely to impress a stranger are the hills and the banks. The hills are not ranges of hills, but just gratuitous hills—at almost every turn one is confronted by a steep slope, at the bottom of which will be a tiresome little stream. For the stream may not be big, but its edges will very likely be boggy, and it will probably



MR. D. AMORY (HON. WHIPPER-IN) AND (Right) SIR IAN H. AMORY (MASTER AND HUNTSMAN).



A MEET AT CALVERLEIGH.

make its neighbouring bank unjumpable, so that the nearest gate invariably provides the quickest way of crossing it. Now, bank country is not to be confused with a bank and ditch country. The latter phrase implies that the land is heavy enough to need draining, and that those who dug the ditches piled up the earth beside them and, on the low ridges thus formed, planted their fences. Almost any of the East Anglia plough countries exemplify this style. But a bank country is a very different affair. The Devon type contains no artificial ditches at all, and the banks are built as fences—built of solid earth from four to eight feet high and anything from three to eight feet thick, though they may be of the “razor-topped” variety, which become narrower from the bottom upwards. But, as if that were not formidable enough to repel man or beast, some genius has decreed that fences shall be planted along the tops. Where the fences are beech and regularly tended, the result is a very fine protection from the wind for stock, and an absolutely impenetrable obstacle for fox hunters. But, fortunately, beech does not obtain everywhere, and, though the Tiverton country does not include many absolutely “clean” banks, such as one finds in parts of Cornwall, the majority have at least one or two patches free from overhanging bushes. Even so, it calls for the greatest skill to cross such a country quickly. One may hunt for years with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds without seeing a single bank jumped. There is simply no time to look for possible places. As staghounds usually run straight on, there is no necessity in their case to go into every field with the hounds, and well known lines of gates or convenient lanes are far the quickest way. But in fox hunting it is always the unexpected which happens, and the most successful huntsmen are those who can contrive to see their line across country, field for field with the pack, and to ride it—no mean feat. Banks, of course, are only to be jumped in two movements—on and off. Indeed, a wise horse often sees fit not merely to pause, but actually to stop on top of the bank—influenced usually in my own case by having pulled up some eleven or twelve stone on the reins. The process is rather alarming at first, but, as a matter of fact, most people do learn all about banks quite quickly, and there are few safer jumps than a big, sound bank—the falls happen at a crumbling, slippery one, after several people have already jumped it and have kicked off half the top. When you have really succumbed to the charms of a banking country you

begin to take a pride in seeing what queer places you can scramble over, and the real experts—of whom the Tiverton country possesses considerably more than its fair share—seem to consider that if a horse can push his head through the fence on top of a bank, the rest of the partnership will follow somehow.

Other noticeable features of the country are that it is practically all grass, including some very good grass on the eastern and some very rough grass on the western sides. The farms are small, and farm labourers are few. A man and his wife and a couple of hard-working sons usually attend to the store cattle and sheep which comprise the stock, and find time to deal with a couple of arable fields, one of roots, say, and one of oats. Where the shooting is worthless, practically every farm lets its rabbit trapping rights for a few pounds, and although it is strictly illegal to set traps anywhere except actually in the holes, both foxes and hounds do contrive to get caught in traps, and hostile trappers can do a great deal of injury to fox hunting—needless to say, the Tiverton authorities are on the best of terms with those in their country. The valley of the Exe is heavily wooded, and foxes do not leave it very readily; but elsewhere the country is open, with a number of very useful gorse brakes, and in general the foxes make good points. There is very little wire—one compensation for the size of the banks—but it is at first rather alarming to find one's horse breaking through a piece of string on top of a bank. Actually this string is put by the farmers, not as fencing, but in order to frighten the deer from jumping into the fields and eating the crops. It is undoubtedly a good scenting country, but that alone would not account for the brilliant sport which the Tiverton enjoy. The secret of their success lies in their Master, and the hounds which he has bred.

There does not appear to be much detail available as to the early history of the country. Foxes were scarce in Devon seventy or eighty years ago, and since countries were then not closely defined, a few hard-working sportsmen, such as the Lord Poltimore of that day and (rather earlier) Parson Jack Russell, changed their kennels at intervals during the season, so that they covered very big areas. But Mr. Collier (also of otter-hunting fame) certainly hunted the eastern side of the present Tiverton country from 1866–1873, and Mr. William Rayer (1873–1892), for whom Mr. Collier continued to hunt hounds for many years, succeeded to much the same area, having his kennels at Holcombe



Left to right: MRS. DUNSFORD, MRS. BURGESS, MISS DODDINGTON AND MISS FABER.



GENERAL THE HON. L. BUTLER (HON. WHIPPER-IN) AND MRS. BUTLER.

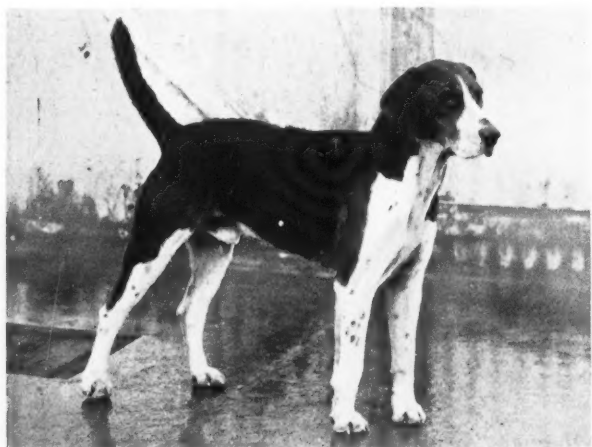


A GROUP OF BITCHES: RAPID, RACKET, NIMBLE, PLIANT, LAVENDER, BLUEBELL, PRIMROSE, BERTHA VIGILANT, VIGOROUS AND VIGOR.

Rogus. The present name and boundaries, however, date more strictly from 1892, when Mr. Ludovic Unwin began a most successful mastership, which lasted until 1910. He had kennels at Bolham, only a mile from Tiverton, and bred a really fine pack of hounds, with which he showed consistently good sport. But tradition relates that his pack, towards the end of his mastership at any rate, were rather short of tongue and hunted hardly close enough. Whether that was so or not is now immaterial, but it may explain why Sir Ian Amory, who took over the mastership in 1910, has introduced into the pack a little blood from the Fells, and, having once begun, has continued up to the present day to breed from Welsh sires. Sir Ian's mastership has been conspicuously successful in many directions, but as his hound breeding is so important to many kennels at this moment, no apology is needed for plunging at once into its details.

The foundation of his pack was laid by a fortunate (or shall we say a far-seeing?) series of crosses from the Berkeley kennel. No pack is better calculated than the Berkeley to produce hounds of a consistent type, and the Tiverton are a wonderful tribute to the effects of careful breeding from a reliable source. The

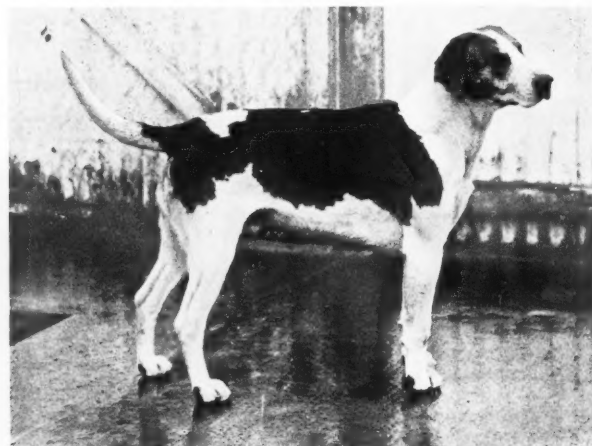
vital years were 1917 and 1918. The year 1917 produced a litter by Berkeley Whipcord (1912)—Lonely (1912), containing Lictor and Lady, and in 1918 were born Barrister and Bertha, by Berkeley Gamecock (1915)—Bashful (1914). There is at present only one hound in the Tiverton kennels which does not trace to one or other of these two litters, and quite half the pack trace to both. For instance, the famous Actor (1922) is by Lictor—Bertha, and the almost equally famous Lictor (1923) is by Barrister—Lady, so that these two hounds have exactly the same four grandparents. To take another case, Sir Ian lately possessed a wonderful bitch called Bluebell (1923), of whose progeny he has entered eleven couples by Warwickshire Vaulter (1922), besides a good litter by V.W.H. Lincoln (1923). She was by Barrister (1918)—Songstress (1920), by Lictor (1917), thus combining the same two litters, and that is typical of the lines on which the pack has been built up. Of course, such a scheme makes the use of outside sires essential after a few years. There are, for instance, very few puppies at Tiverton by Actor, because practically all the bitches there are his first cousins. But that problem presents no difficulties to such an experienced hound



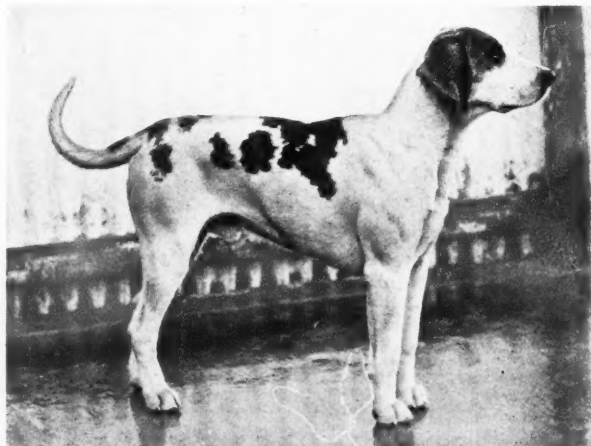
BERTRAM (1928).



ACTOR (1922)



SAMPSON (1927)



HUXLEY (1929).

breeder as Sir Ian, and with the aid of some of his own sires, such as Bondsman (1924)—a grandson of Lady, but no relation to Barrister—and of such carefully managed kennels as the South and West Wilts, the late Sir Edward Curre's and the Brecon, he steers a successful course amid the many shoals which await the unwary users of Welsh blood.

As regards individual hounds, there is no need to introduce Actor (1922). He made his first appearance in the ring at South Molton Hound Show in its early days, and he and the Show then made a lasting reputation for each other. Needless to say, he is a brilliant performer in the hunting field, and he has benefited numerous other kennels. Through him Sir Ian has been able to return thanks to the Berkeley for their invaluable help in early days, and, to crown all, his stock won every prize at the Duke of Beaufort's puppy show last spring.

Although in his ninth season, he still runs up with the pack—incidentally, his dam, Bertha (1918), is still alive and well at Sir Denis Boles' Quantock kennels. Lictor (1923) and Bondsman (1924) have lately been lent to the Cattistock, and so are no longer to be seen at Tiverton. Whipcord (1925) comes of a distinctive Fell strain, all tan, and Simon (1926), another splendid foxhunter, is to be specially recommended for the wonderful voices of his progeny. Sharper (1925), a great favourite of Sir Ian's, is the one hound which does not conform in breeding with the rest of the pack, though he also goes back to the Berkeley. Sampson (1927) and Bertram (1928) are two very good-looking dog hounds of the "long and low" variety, with beautiful shoulders. Of the younger members of the pack, Speaker and Stormer (1928), by Warwickshire Vaulter (1922), and Huxley and Homely (1928), by South and West Wilts Huxley (1925), are conspicuously good looking, and there is no question that there are several stallion hounds in the making.

But it is impertinent to criticise the Tiverton individually. Sir Ian himself would be the last person to appreciate any praise of them except as a pack. They are, as has been shown, one big family, and they behave as such. In the hunting field their most notable characteristics are their drive and their fine cry. As a very competent West Country critic says: "They hunt like a pack of wolves." Unlike some packs with which one feels that, barring accidents, the fox is quite safe, the Tiverton really give one the feeling that, barring accidents, they will either kill their fox or mark him to ground. But, for all their venom, it is quite extraordinary to see the affectionate way in which they greet Sir Ian (who hunts them himself) either at the meet or in the kennels. Though high spirits are much in evidence, the uses of whipcord are practically unknown to the Tiverton, and a milder rate than that of their Master could hardly be imagined. Indeed, his attitude to a puppy rabbiting is that of a university don who, conducting important scientific research with a party of graduates and undergraduates, is surprised and pained to find that one of the latter is reading a "thriller."

It is equally impertinent to pay compliments to Sir Ian Amory, who is widely known to be a most successful huntsman as well as a most courteous and painstaking Master. But it is impossible not to notice that his extremely well balanced views on fox hunting appear to have also permeated his supporters. Many strangers are anxious to see something of this pack of hounds which has become so deservedly famous, and many more come purely to enjoy the good sport which it provides. It would be easy for the Tiverton people to be patronising, but they merely appear to be delighted that their enjoyment should be shared by all and sundry. The top hat is rather a rare bird in the West Country, but he settles fairly freely on Tiverton brows, his plumage becoming increasingly dishevelled towards the end of the day. And yet, riding next to a very well dressed member of the field, and probably conversing with him, you are very likely to see a small boy riding barebacked on an unclipped pony whose style across country is quite unaffected by the blinkers that adorn his bridle. Devon is still a county where people ride on business—farmers collecting sheep, butcher boys delivering meat, even chimney sweeps (on black ponies) visiting distant houses. It is only natural that they should come out hunting just as they are, but it is a triumph to be able to add that the Tiverton subscribers (in their top hats) are genuinely pleased to see them.

Now, the object of this article is to describe the Tiverton Hunt for the benefit of foxhunters. But there are lessons to be learnt from the style in which Sir Ian Amory hunts the fox which it would be ridiculous to overlook. "A good country" is too often (this is an old lament) accepted as meaning a country in which one can gallop and jump all day without bothering to think where one is going—a country from which all obvious danger has been removed, and where, having paid handsomely for the privilege, one is at liberty to crash over or through any obstacles within sight. If the authorities can arrange, with or without



STUMPY.

A very good type of West Country terrier.

the farmers to some smart strangers, but an occupation which, with all its uncertainty and charm, is the property of the countryside. It is not fashionable, except in melodramatic sporting novels, to mention artificial earths, bagged foxes and aniseed. But that course is always open to the indolent and the unscrupulous, and if any pack ever descends so low as to attempt in that way to eliminate the long draws and the bad scenting days, then its authorities are robbing their neighbours, large and small, of a cherished possession. At the same time they reduce their Hunt to the level of a games club, with a limited membership, a minimum subscription and guaranteed amusement.

Now, the Tiverton is not a perfect riding country—one cannot jump just exactly where one pleases. Nor does it produce sport to order. It is possible, though very unlikely, that the pack may spend all day in a heavily wooded river valley, or even fail to find a fox at all. Nor is it a rich country. There are no spare pound notes to pay for damage, and the farmer will probably have to repair the gaps with his own hands. But it is, in every sense of the word, a sporting country. The hounds are bred with a view to finding and killing stout, wild foxes on ground which favours the foxes. The field, who are acquainted with and appreciate every technical detail, are determined that the hunting of these foxes shall be an exhilarating occupation for all who care to attend it, and beyond that they demand nothing. It is a country which can not only supply real foxhounds, but which can also explain the fundamental principles of the Chase to any other which may temporarily abandon fox hunting for galloping, and find itself disillusioned.

M. F.

GOOD HUNTING

Dull, grey skies, and a muddy lane,
Where the ruts are heavy with last night's rain—
You know the scene—a cart with a load
Of turnips blocking the narrow road,
While the cartman, the roadman, and two or three
Stare over the fence into vacancy—
There's little to look at, or to hear,
But a voice says, "That's them, over there."

Hark! a confusion of distant sounds,
The cries of men, or the cry of hounds;
Look, there's a flash of red, and now
White dots moving across the plough.
They vanish beyond the skyline's edge,
And the cartman turns away from the hedge,
The roadman digs again at his sough,
And says, "They'll be makin' for Radbourne Rough."

It was all very faint, very far away,
And it's lost like a fancy of yesterday.
So get you back to your worry and loss
In a world where everyone's poor and cross.
Yet still, with so much of the old life gone,
Somewhere somebody's carrying on:
You got a glimpse of him right enough,
A glimpse of him making for Radbourne Rough.

ALFRED COCHRANE.

THE SPANISH HORSES

The *Horses of the Conquest*, by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.)

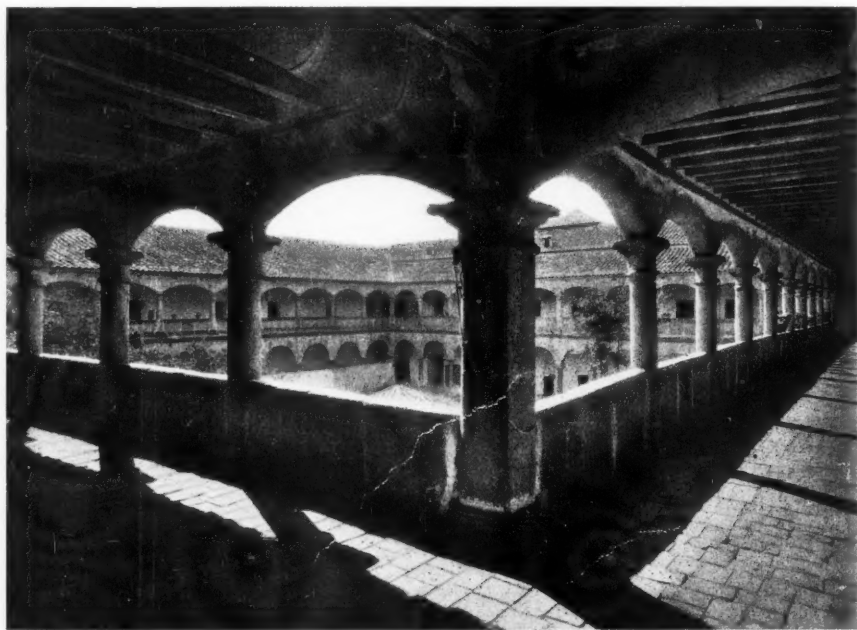
THE Spanish horse and its descendants are subjects on which a learned veterinarian might write a dull thesis, but only a noble writer deeply versed in the lore of America-Latina could make into a charming and sympathetic work of literature. Cunninghame Graham is *hidalgo*, literally of blood "the son of somebody," and *caballero*, a horseman. Every true *hidalgo* is—and down the ages has come to him the echo of the fine honour done to the Spanish jades of the Conquest by stout old Bernal Diaz, who, writing his history of the great epic of Cortés, says: "I wish to put down from memory all the horses and mares we embarked." We cannot do this of our more recent wars, but how many of us remember, with inconsequent affection and that queer precise evocation of a memory picture, horses which bore us in our wide-flung campaigns.

Feared as gods by the Indians, loved as individuals by the Conquistadores, the horses of Spain and Hispaniola peopled the New World. Some centuries of development in a continent where climatic conditions vary widely have led to a reversion to type. The heavier characteristics of the Spanish horse—the best type of which may be seen in the statue of Charles I at Charing Cross—have given place in the Llanos and the hot countries of Central America to a lighter type more approaching the polo pony. In the Argentine and the south a higher conservation of stamina is noticeable than in the subtropics and tropical belt, but the American horse, the plain "pony" of the pre-oil era, is a distinct creature.

There is a little practical information about the American horse in these pages, but it is not the burden of the book. This is a delightfully written homage to the pioneer horses. Restless old ghosts in rusty morions will thank Cunninghame Graham for this book, and moderns who appreciate the rare combination of love of horses and really good literature will treasure it. Lastly, the reviewer, speaking with personal knowledge, can avow that the best of gods do not die, and that when Halley's comet rose high above Chiepas and the land of Guatemala, the Indios of Peten went back to the *antiguas*, and honour was once again done to the memory of the horse. That kindly deity split the flaming horse tail of the comet into two, and his intercession was manifest in the heavens. The local friars, sensible men of Indian blood, compromised in the best interests of their flocks, and with a sprinkling of holy water purged sundry pre-Christian antiquities of all malignant associations. It may not have been orthodox, but it was tolerant. We rightly condemn the terrible zeal of the friars of the time of the Conquest, but even their ghastly interpretation of their mission was preferable to the doctrine of hopeless gloom and the ritual of human sacrifice which represented local religion. Mr. Cunninghame Graham is rather hard on the priests, yet they were no worse than the Conquistadores, and the crucible of time has given us an assay of their work. Temporal Spain has no longer a footing in the West, but the Spaniards left not only the noblest animal in creation, but an enduring culture and a state of improved human relationship which, however imperfect, is at least suited to the people. Of the three elements of the Conquest, the horse alone can be acquitted of baseness or human motive with all its frailties. Mr. Cunninghame Graham is right in acclaiming the horse the hero and the predominant cultural factor in the New World, and the whole dynamic history of the Continent is written in terms of horse, from Cortés to Stonewall Jackson. The last page is not yet written. Horses will yet save civilisation in some crisis when sanity and petrol alike run out. H. B. C. P.

A History of Spanish Civilization, by Rafael Altamira. Translated by P. Volkov, with a preface by J. B. Trend. (Constable, 21s.) PROFESSOR ALTAMIRA'S *History of Spain and Spanish Civilization* has for some years been accepted as a standard text-book, and is well known to all serious students of Spain. Until now it has only been available in the four-volume Spanish edition, so that the appearance of this translation, which is a concise abridgment of the

complete work, will introduce it to a much wider range of English readers. Spain, to the average Englishman, must always appear one of the most compact of European countries. Its geographical unity, its magnificent literature and language, and its former glory as the centre of a great maritime Empire all confirm this idea. Yet the nation we speak of as Spanish is the complex product of racial and cultural influences even more multifarious than our own. Without taking into account the prehistoric peoples of Spain, the country, even in Roman times, was an amalgam of Celtic, Iberian, Phœnician, Greek, as well as Roman units, and in the centuries succeeding the collapse of Roman civilisation still more widely different elements poured into the country with the successive waves of Visigothic, Frankish and Moslem invasions. The long period of Moslem civilisation and the late establishment of the Christian kingdoms, only attaining eventual supremacy by means of a series of concerted efforts, are responsible for the extraordinary variety of artistic influences which confront the traveller in Spain. The early part of Professor Altamira's book is chiefly concerned with unravelling this tangled skein. In addressing himself to the task he employs a relentless analysis, which may be disconcerting to those who treasure their idea of Spain as the home of all romance. The examination of the Spanish Inquisition is typical of his treatment. "It is analysed," to quote from Mr. Trend's Introduction, "with the coldness and clarity of a legal historian." Of great interest to English readers will be the sections which deal with the period of Spanish colonisation and the reasons Professor Altamira adduces for Spain's failure to retain her dominions in a large federation. The internal disturbances which rent the country in the nineteenth century, and the consequent handicap Spain incurred in



"BIRTHPLACE OF ISABELLA OF CASTILLE."
From "A History of Spanish Civilization."

the industrial expansion of Europe, form the subject of a long concluding chapter, in which the various social, artistic and economic tendencies of recent times are also reviewed. If the comprehensiveness of the book renders it rather formidable for continuous reading, it will be invaluable as a work of reference. The excellent series of illustrations, which Mr. Trend has selected from Senor Arxiv Mas' unrivalled collection of photographs, give some idea of the infinite variety of Spanish art and architecture. They are eloquent of the vastness of the contribution, still largely unacknowledged, which Spain in all her stages of development has made to European culture.

Square Circle, by Denis Mackail. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.) IF you are not of those who demand plots and thrills and situations, but, on the contrary, love your fellow-man and woman and child, and ask chiefly for good company, let me recommend *Square Circle*. I can imagine few jollier ways of spending a quiet winter evening by the fire than getting to know, through this book, the various residents in Mr. Mackail's select London square and following, with him, their fortunes throughout the year. There are a birth, a death and a marriage among our circle, happy love and unhappy, disappointment and new hope a dance, a doctor's visit—at the end of the book you feel that you have made many new acquaintances and some very real and lovable friends. Mr. Mackail has something the air of a modern Dickens, writing of the upper middle classes without grotesqueries and without much story to tell, but he tells the little he has with so much of the master's kindness and understanding that the balance finds him wanting less than might be supposed. And his children and his conversations are delicious and—thank you, Mr. Mackail—I have enjoyed this fat, placid, cosy book very much. S.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

NOW that we have come very near to the end of the year, the approach of 1931 is heralded by the appearance of quite a crop of books of reference. The eighty-ninth edition of *Burke's Peerage, Baronage and Knightage* (Burke's Peerage, Limited, 66, Basinghall Street, E.C.2, £5 5s., special edition bound in morocco, £9 9s.) marks its 105th year of publication—splendid, solid, the perfect book of its kind, as always.

Then there is the old-established *Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes* (30s.), which gives a great deal of useful information not to be found anywhere else, and is likely to prove particularly interesting next year in the event of a General Election. *Who's Who* (A. and C. Black, 50s.) is a book which most of us find more interesting than many novels; and from the same firm comes, for those who are interested in literature or art, *The Writers' and Artists' Year Book* (3s. 6d.). Then there is *Kelly's Royal Blue Book, Court and Parliamentary Guide* (7s. 6d.)—which London residents should find invaluable. *The Knightage* (published by the Solicitors' Law Stationery Society, Limited, 7s. 6d.), which gives lists of all existing recipients of the honour of knighthood and much interesting information on the origin of the Imperial Society of Knights Bachelors, is another compilation worthy of notice. For hunting folk there is the choice of three reference books: the world-renowned and invaluable *Baily's Hunting Directory* (Vinton and Co., Limited, 10s. 6d.), *The Hunting Diary and Guide for the Season 1930-31* (Walter Goldsmith and Co., Limited, post free 5s. 9d.), an encyclopædia of useful information, and *The Foxhunter's Year Book, 1930* (Mayfair Press, 15s.)—which has, by the way, some very attractive maps. Any of these would be a good choice for a hunting man or woman—better still if they were equipped with all three. Two particularly interesting books for country readers are *The Diary and Directory of Land Agents, Auctioneers, etc., etc., 1931* (Estates Gazette, Limited, 7s. 6d.) and the *International Directory of Pedigree Stock Breeders* (30s.), which is in its third edition and contains 1,100 pages, many illustrations and a complete index of pedigree stock breeders in Great Britain, the Overseas British Dominions—in fact, throughout

the world. *The Rugby Football Annual* (Sporting Handbooks, 1s.) will have its own enthusiastic public. Last, but not least, we come to *Whitaker's Almanac* (paper 3s., cloth 6s., half leather 12s. 6d.), the unsurpassed and surely unsurpassable *multum in parvo* among books of information. Most of us would be hopelessly at a loss without our "Whitaker." It is produced once more in its familiar form, and is full of just that information which most of us need.

The Post Office London Directory (Kelly, 55s.) is one of those works of reference of which the latest edition must always be at hand, for its information is perpetually subjected to change. New trades included are always an interesting sign of the times—this year midget golf course makers, manufacturers of goods in connection with talkie films, crash helmet makers and label moisteners are a few selected at random. It is an annual amazement that so much information can be packed into a book which is not too unwieldy to handle.

The Book Lovers' Diary (Newnes, leather 2s. 6d., cloth 1s.) would make a useful present for oneself or a delightful small gift for one's neighbour. It contains a foreword by Lord Riddell, which should endear it to every book lover.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

THEIR HOUR UPON THE STAGE, by James Agate (Mandarin Press, 6s. and 10s. 6d.); LONDON TO SARAJEVO, by John Gibbons (Newnes, 7s. 6d.); THE PRACTICAL DOG BOOK, by Edmund E. Ash (Simpkin, 21s.); FICTION.—GREEN LANE OR THE MURDER AT MOAT FARM, by Alec Brown (Cape, 7s. 6d.); A HAIR DIVIDES, by Claude Houghton (Thornton Butterworth, 7s. 6d.).

THE END OF THE YEAR

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

AS this is the last number of COUNTRY LIFE which will appear in 1930, I suppose it behoves a virtuous golf correspondent to look back briefly at the events of the past year. It is a job at which I am conscious of not shining, for I have little gift for statistics; in fact, I hate them like poison, and when I see one of those neatly ruled columns of names followed by rows of figures and decimal points I turn quickly over to the next page. In any case, there does not seem a very great deal to say about 1930, because it is so largely represented by one name, a name which I am very tired of writing and yet sadly regret that I shall have to write less in the future. Anybody can "guess right the very first time" that it is the name of Bobby Jones. He won our two Championships, he dominated the Walker Cup match, and what is there left? Well, there is one thing that it would be unjust and ungallant not to mention. There is the Ladies' Championship. If it had not been for Miss Diana Fishwick, our score in our own Championships would have been as that of the Dingley Dellers (may I be forgiven for quoting it yet once again), "as blank as our faces."

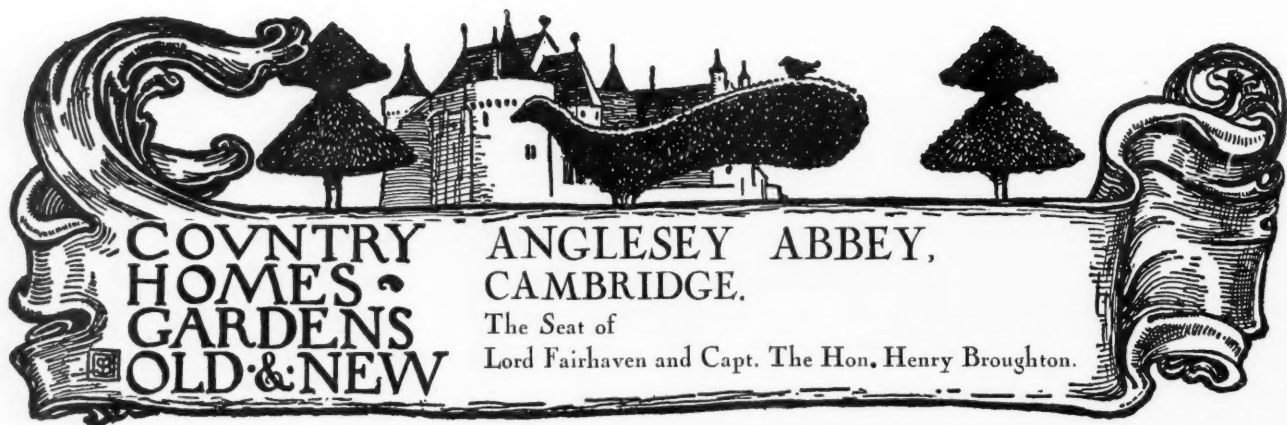
Miss Fishwick is shortly setting out for America with a company of minor satellites to engage in some of the southern winter tournaments. It is difficult to play in a strange country, but she will probably do well there because she is of the type that can "deliver the goods." If, however, she does not, if (which is most unlikely) she never does anything again, she will have acquired eternal merit by the stout blow she struck at Formby. In her and in Miss Wanda Morgan, who is potentially, I am disposed to think, an even better golfer, we have got what we want so much to find among our men players, really good young ones.

We want them immediately among the professionals for next summer's Ryder Cup match. The team is, I believe, being chosen, and may actually have been published by the time these words are printed. It may be said that we are in no such need because we won the match in 1929. So we did, and a noble victory it was, but, first of all, the match was played in England in cold weather, and the next will be played in America in hot weather; secondly, there were one or two who took part in the triumph of Moortown who will not play again. Boomer and Alliss cannot play because they live abroad and our professionals have passed a self-denying ordinance in respect of such players; one or two others are not very likely to be chosen, or, at any rate, it would be a good thing to have strong, young substitutes ready to fill their places. There were two likely ones who impressed everybody that watched them in the *News of the World* tournament at Oxhey, namely, Lacey and Padgham. Both seemed well armed at all points and possessed of good nerve and courage. It may well be that there is not quite room for them yet, but, if it were possible, I should like to see them go to America. We had one quite young one at Moortown, Henry Cotton, and, although Charles Whitcomb is still unquestionably entitled to rank ahead of him, he is now the one man of whom we have really high hopes in the matter of winning championships against Americans. I have no doubt Moortown did him good, and to play in this next match would do some other young ones good.

As regards our amateurs, there is nothing particularly novel or cheerful to say. I may be forgetting somebody very

obvious, but for the life of me I cannot think of a golfer really young and really good, unless it be Mr. Eric Fiddian, who has, to be sure, all the makings, but seems as yet to lack something essential of consistency. Of those whom I had not watched before the one golfer who thoroughly impressed me last summer was Mr. Bookless; a very good golfer he is, and will, I imagine, most likely play in our next Walker Cup team, but then he is not so wildly, passionately young. I have a feeling that Ireland ought sooner or later to produce a really fine young golfer, for they play the game there very enthusiastically and very seriously, but I cannot yet give his name. All over Britain there are now hundreds and thousands of boys playing golf, and many of them play well, but, whether from the lack of just that extra bit of painstaking or from some other and more subtle cause, there are not as many as there ought to be who have just that extra bit of quality. Where are the Jack Grahams and Bobby Maxwells of 1897, the Johnny Bramstons of 1900? Where, for that matter, are the Wethereds and Tolleys of 1920?

So much for the eminent persons, but at the end of the year we do not think only about them. In the diaries which we are now buying there are set down the saints' days and the dates of the Derby and the Boat Race and other public events, but the things that matter most to us are our own records of our own humble affairs. So it is when we look back at the golfing year. We remember vaguely why some great man did not win the championship, but we remember with a horrid clearness the chain of disastrous events that robbed us of that Bogey competition. In the nature of things these annual retrospections do not grow the more exhilarating as we grow older; there are in them more and more "all buts" and "not quites." On this New Year's Eve there will, perhaps, be an unusually large number of wistful and melancholy veterans, because they will realise that the steel shaft has not done quite so much in making new men of them as last year, in the first flush of hope they thought it was going to do. In such a case we ought to cheer ourselves up by looking back not at one year, but at all the years we have played golf; we ought to deem ourselves lucky in the possession of a game which stays by us so long. I remember, for example, how, on the first day of this century, I scamped my breakfast and raced down the hill to the links in company with a venerable friend. He appeared venerable then, but he was, in fact—what a sobering reflection!—a great deal younger than I am now. We wanted to be first on the tee and so hit off the first drives of the twentieth century; we succeeded in that glorious object, and very good drives we hit. That was thirty years ago, we had already played golf for a good many years then, and may hope, if the Fates be kind, to have still some more in front of us. Here is, certainly, cause for a cheerful gratitude to be enhanced by reflecting on the misfortunes of others, the poor oarsman, for instance, and the runner, who have, as a rule, to give up their amusements when they are still mere children. This is the right frame of mind for the end of the year, and I am going to coerce myself into it. If all is well, I shall be, on New Year's Day, at the same spot where I was thirty years ago. My friend will, I hope, be there, too. We will not be in such a hurry over our breakfast; we will walk leisurely down the hill, if we cannot get somebody to give us a lift in a car, but we will hit exactly the same two magnificent tee shots.



A priory of Augustinian canons founded by Henry I. Portions of the domestic buildings were converted to secular purposes about the year 1600.

THE flat expanse of country which stretches from Cambridge to the foot of the Newmarket Downs is proverbially dull and uninteresting to those who only pass through it cursorily on the way to Newmarket races. It is a country of wide acres and wide horizons, broken only here and there by a church tower, a windmill, or a group of tall elms. Yet the very spaciousness of land and sky is exhilarating, particularly by contrast with the cramping rows of dreary houses which seem to line for miles the road out of Cambridge. Yellow cornfields dissected by dykes extend on either hand illimitably, and the clouds blow over them in an unending pageant of splendour.

To find Anglesey Abbey, which lies lost in these immense level tracts, we have to leave the main road at the point where the tower of Quy Church grins down on us its Cheshire-cat greeting. Turning off to the left, we wind our way through Quy village on the road to Swaffham Prior, and a mile or so on there appears on the left a green parkland whose fine trees and lush meadows form an oasis in the yellow Cambridgeshire

plain. It is here, in a pastoral setting unusual in Fenland, that the old monastic house lies hidden.

The Augustinians, to whom Henry I is said to have granted this site, established their community on the very edge of the unreclaimed marshes. Although the termination of the name Anglesey, like that of Ely, Ramsey and Thorney, implies an island, it seems actually to have been a peninsula jutting out into the swamps. An island of civilisation, however, similar to those formed by the three other monastic houses, it might well claim to be, finding its communication with the outer world by one of those drainage channels which are locally called "lodes." Bottisham Lode still forms the northern boundary of the Abbey grounds. With the reclamation of the fens in the seventeenth century it acquired a certain amount of importance, and a village called Lode—*tout simple*—has grown up round the hythe close to Anglesey mill.

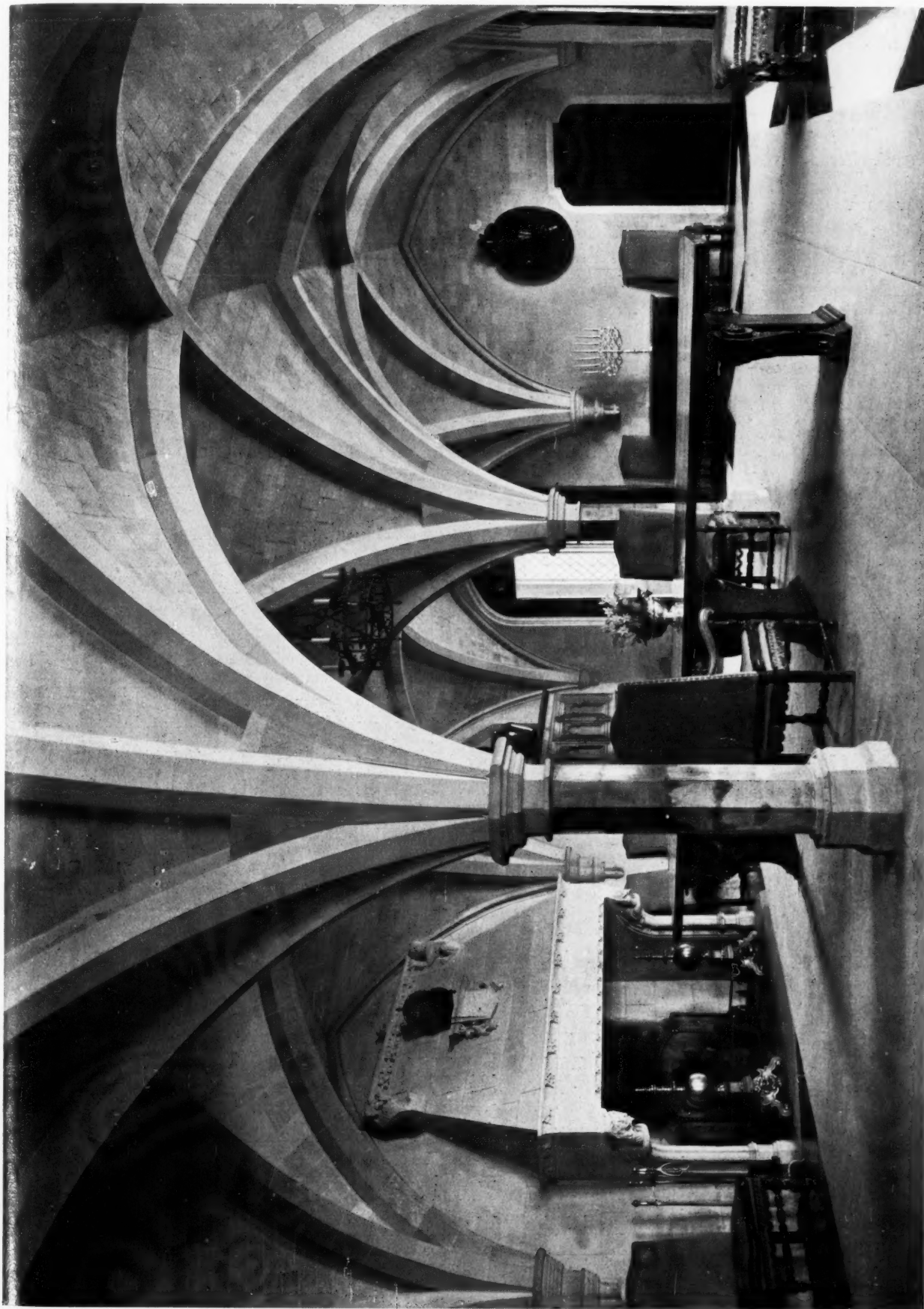
The title of founder of the monastery, traditionally ascribed to Henry I, is awarded by Dugdale to Richard de Clare. It seems more likely, however, that de Clare came to be regarded



Copyright

1.—FROM THE EAST.—THIRTEENTH CENTURY WALLS AND BUTTRESSES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

2.—THE VAULTED DINING-ROOM.
Probably the monks' parlour, or calefactorium, of the original priory.

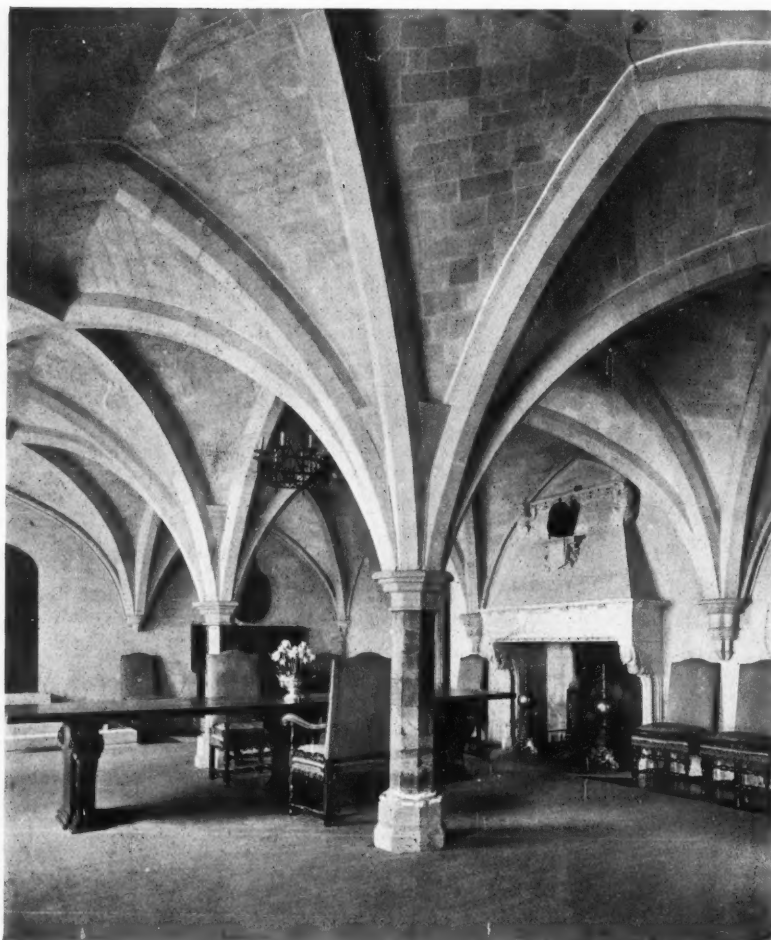
Copyright



Copyright.

3.—THE ENTRANCE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

4.—IN THE DINING-ROOM.
Clunch vaulting and columns of Purbeck marble.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

as a second founder from his gift to the community of a moiety of the manor of Bottisham (in which Anglesey lay) together with the advowson of the church. Though to-day it is invested with the romantic name of "abbey," Anglesey was never more than a priory, with some eight to ten canons under the Superior. They were "regulars," observing the rule of St. Augustine of Hippo, which had come to be widely adopted in the eleventh century by secular clergy desiring to live the monastic life. Between 1100 and 1135, no fewer than fifty-six Augustinian houses were founded in England, and Anglesey would appear to have been one of the earliest. It never, however, became of very great importance, and was surpassed in Cambridgeshire by both Barnwell and Thorney.

There is no record to tell us when the priory church was begun, and no remains of it survive above ground to-day. It was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Nicholas, and, no doubt, work on the choir would have been started soon after the community was founded. What mediæval portions of the monastery are still extant date from the first half of the thirteenth century, the vaulted parlour (Fig. 2) and the buttresses on the east wall (Fig. 1) being unquestionably of this time. From certain charters recording a large benefaction made by Master Lawrence de Saint Nicholas it is possible to date these buildings precisely. Master Lawrence was a chaplain and sub-dean to the Pope, and had, presumably, been an inmate of the monastery. A document dated August 15th, 1236, records that he bequeathed various lands and rents to be used "for the fabric of our church and for the construction of the chief cloister and of the chamber of the prior until the full completion of the work." After his death, which occurred within a short time of his making this bequest, the prior and canons made provision for Masses to be said for his soul. In the document which sets forth their obligation the following passage occurs, showing that by then the works for which he had left money had been finished:

In the first place therefore be it known that at his own expence and by his own care and diligence, almost the entire fabric of our church with the cloister, refectory, dormitory and prior's chamber, was completed . . .

This implies very extensive additions to the priory, and almost all the domestic buildings were evidently built at this time. As to what portion of them those still existing represent we shall be able to form an opinion later when we come to examine the positions they occupy.

During the later part of the thirteenth century, as a result of Master Lawrence's bequest, the priory was in a prosperous way. Among the many benefactions it received at this time may be mentioned the advowson of Swaffham St. Mary, one of the two churches in the adjoining village of Swaffham Prior, which stand side by side in the same churchyard. Subsequently, however, owing to the Mortmain Acts, grants of land and money became scarce, and it was only by special licence of the King that Elizabeth de Burgh, in 1331, was permitted to increase the priory's endowments. Elizabeth de Burgh, or de Clare, as she preferred to be called, was one of the co-heiresses of the vast de Clare lands, and on obtaining the Suffolk estate from which the family took its name she became known as "the Lady of Clare." By her various benefactions to University Hall she has given her name to the second oldest Cambridge college. Her gifts to Anglesey included her manor at Lakenheath, the rents of lands in Bottisham, Swaffham Bulbeck and Horningsea, and, later, lands in Great and Little Walsingham. The last grant, afterwards commuted

into a money payment, was for the support of two secular chaplains "to celebrate divine service every day in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin Mary newly built by the same Elizabeth." Her benefaction is commemorated by a shield, with the arms of de Clare impaling those of de Burgh on a carved door-case of early Tudor date, which now forms the main entrance in the south front of the house (Fig. 9). The initials P W R are those of the last prior but one, William Reche, who was elected to the office in 1515. The dissolution of the lesser monasteries took place in 1535, and the surrender of Anglesey seems to have been made without resistance. In the *Valor Ecclesiasticus* its income is given as £125, and there were then in the community a prior, sub-prior, five priests and two noviciates, of whom only the prior, John Boner, appears to have been granted a pension.

Anglesey did not long remain in the hands of the Crown. In 1539 it was granted by Henry VIII to John Hynde, a successful lawyer, who was steward of the lands, and afterwards was knighted and made Chief Justice of the King's Bench. He proceeded to pull down what was left of the church, the bell

is obviously more recent. The original thirteenth century masonry consists of squared blocks of clunch regularly laid. If we are right in identifying this range as the chapter house, that running at right angles to it will have contained the monks' parlour and the dormitory. The parlour (or *calefactorium*) was the only room in a monastery where there was a fire. It corresponded to the common room of a college, and the monks met there in the evening for converse and recreation. It is usually a vaulted chamber, and its almost invariable position is to the north or south of the chapter house on the range to the east of the cloister. A very similar room to this, and of much the same date, is to be found at Beeleigh Abbey in Essex (COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. LII, page 406), where, it would seem, the same portions of the monastery were preserved by the purchaser as at Anglesey. Beeleigh, however, retains its original arrangements almost untouched, and the dormitory still exists, running north and south above the calefactorium and across the east end of the chapter house. At Anglesey the first floor above the parlour and the original west side of the chapter house were so much altered about 1600 that there is now



Copyright

5.—THE SOUTH FRONT, REMODELLED CIRCA 1600.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

tower of which was still standing. Whether he preserved much more of the domestic buildings than those remaining to-day we have no means of telling, but it seems tolerably certain that neither he nor his son, Sir Francis Hynde of Madingley, chose to reside at Anglesey. It was probably on Sir Francis's death, in 1595, and the subsequent purchase of Anglesey by the family of Fowkes, that what remained of the priory buildings was remodelled to the form the house presents to-day.

In plan it is an L-shaped building with a long east and west range, and at right angles to it a shorter wing which contains a vaulted undercroft. Both ranges represent portions of the original monastery, but the south front (Fig. 5) has been re-built with the projecting porch and mullioned windows of Elizabethan days. In Hailstone's detailed account of Anglesey he suggests that the range which extends eastwards was originally the chapter house. This seems highly probable, seeing that the orientation is correct. The east wall (Fig. 1), with its four buttresses, is original for at least two-thirds of its height, and must once have contained a large window, blocked up when the building was transformed, since the masonry in the centre

no sign of the dormitory, and we can only conjecture that it was here from this being its usual position. There are, however, on the west wall of the parlour, in the passage leading to the modern offices, traces of a wall arcade of Early English character which evidently went up by the side of the day stair.

The vaulted room (now used as a dining-room) is the least changed portion of the priory, and forms a beautiful interior. Two columns of Purbeck marble, with bases and capitals of Barnack stone, support a quadripartite vault of six compartments made of clunch or hard chalk. Along the walls the ribs spring from moulded corbels. The three windows in the east wall (Fig. 1) contain a nondescript kind of tracery, probably dating from the time when the Elizabethan remodelling took place, but their internal jambs and arches are original. In the north wall is a door-case of early sixteenth century date, similar to that in the south front, with the exception that the de Clare coat alone appears on the shield. According to Hailstone, the doorway was removed from the floor above, where it formed the entrance to the prior's chamber. This is the traditional name given to the first floor room above the north end of the parlour. To the south would have



Copyright. 6.—THE MODERN NEWEL STAIRCASE.

"C.L."



Copyright. 7.—LOOKING INTO THE LIVING-ROOM.

"C.L."

stretched the monk's dormitory. Facing east, it has a two-light window divided by a transom with four-centred arch and label (Fig. 1), while in its north wall is a door now converted into a window. Indications of the spring of an arch on the external wall below go to show that there was here an additional first-floor building which may have been the rere-dorter. The lower part of the east wall still exists, forming part of a lean-to appendage, access to which is obtained through the door seen in Fig. 2.

According to the theory I have put forward, the cloister of the priory would have been situated partly on the site of the present offices, partly in the courtyard round which they are grouped; but with so little evidence to go by it is impossible to plot its position accurately. Until 1860 ruins of another domestic building existed somewhere on this site which Hailstone identified as the refectory. In his book on Anglesey he gives a sketch of it, but, unfortunately, does not state precisely where it stood. It was pulled down to make way for offices and stabling. The church, of which no traces now remain, must have lain immediately to the south of the house on the lawn. The choir will have run parallel to it east and west, and the nave will have been to the west where the orchard now is. Such, at least, would be the normal positions for church and cloister in relation to the chapter house and monk's parlour. There are, however, extensive remains of foundations in a field about a quarter of a mile to the south-west of the house which, it has been conjectured, mark the site of the priory. But it is more likely that here were some of the numerous farm buildings and dependencies which were always to be found belonging to any monastery. Only excavation can decide these problems once for all, and to embark on this a more than ordinary antiquarian fervour is needed, seeing that it would mean breaking up a lawn that is centuries old.

From the character of the south front it is clear that the house was given its present appearance somewhere about the year 1600. The family of Fowkes was then in possession, remaining till 1619. In that year Susanna Fowkes sold the estate, which included "one messuage, one dove-cote, two gardens and 90 acres of land," to Humphrey Lowe, from whom, eight years later, it was bought by Hobson, the Cambridge carrier, and conveyed shortly afterwards to his nephew, Thomas Parker. Parker is usually credited with the alterations, but we are then left to imagine the two previous owners living in the ruined buildings of the priory. John Fowkes appears to have been the first person actually to reside at Anglesey, and it is reasonable to suppose that it was he who adapted the buildings to their present state. Retaining as much of the original walls and masonry as possible, he completely altered the old dispositions and made the south side of the chapter house the principal front. It is characteristic of its time, with its row of gabled dormers and its square-headed, mullioned and transomed windows. In the centre he placed Prior Reche's door-case (Fig. 9), building in front of it a projecting porch of two storeys. The windows immediately to the east of it he brought forward as a bay, marking according to Tudor tradition, the dais end of the hall. At the west end he seems to have lengthened the thirteenth century building. The original west wall would have been in line with the west wall of the parlour, and this he must have pulled down using for his extension some of the old masonry lying ready to hand. A massive chimney-breast was erected in the new west wall—no doubt, for the kitchen.

For over two hundred years—till the middle of last century—in fact, the house remained unaltered. It was a yeoman's house with a farm attached to it, and although it changed hands several times, nothing important was done in the way of alterations or additions. Of the owners during that period the most notable was Sir George Downing, the founder of Downing College. In 1736 he purchased the manor of Anglesey from the Parker family, but since the sale took place after the date of his will, in which he left all his estates for the purpose of founding a college, Anglesey passed to Sir Jacob

Downing, his heir-at-law. In 1793 the property was sold by his wife's nephew to the Rev. George Jenyns, and about the year 1860 it was purchased by another clergyman, the Rev. John Hailstone. To Hailstone belongs the credit of having compiled a valuable record of the history of Anglesey, and he also did much to save the house from neglect. But his enthusiasm sometimes outran his discretion. He introduced various Gothic "features," which, no doubt, at the time were thought appropriate for an "abbey," but which to-day appear rather misplaced. A stone porch was erected against the northernmost of the three windows of the vaulted chamber, which was made into an entrance hall, the window being converted into a doorway. At the same time an exterior passage was built along the north wall of the main block and decorated with a traceried bay window with a surprisingly tall gable.

Much wanted doing to the house when the property was bought by Lord Fairhaven and his brother, Captain Broughton, in 1926. To make the old mediæval buildings thoroughly habitable a certain amount of replanning was necessary, and Mr. Sidney Parvin, of Messrs. W. Turner, Lord and Co., was entrusted with the alterations. These have been carried out with the greatest taste and discretion, and have involved a minimum of interference with original work. The first step was to remove the porch and attach it to the exterior passage, already referred to, where it forms a much more convenient entrance in the angle between the two wings of the house (Fig. 1). This change made it possible to put to much better use the vaulted chamber, which is now the dining-room instead of the entrance hall. The floor has been re-paved and a fine mediæval hooded fireplace has been substituted for a Victorian predecessor (Fig. 4). By a skilful arrangement of lighting, which is concealed in the spaces between the vaulting ribs at the points from which they spring, the full beauty of the branching roof is dramatically revealed. The long nineteenth century passage, now relieved from monotony by a simple plaster vault, is the new entrance hall (Fig. 3). At its far end Mr. Parvin has designed a wide newel staircase of stone (Fig. 6) in place of an unsightly wooden stair, and this serves the attic bedrooms as well as those on the first floor. It is accommodated in a half-octagon bay, built on to the west side of the house, and while attempting no slavish imitation of mediæval work, is perfectly suited to the character of the house. The imposing series of towers on the south front have



Copyright.

8.—THE OAK ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

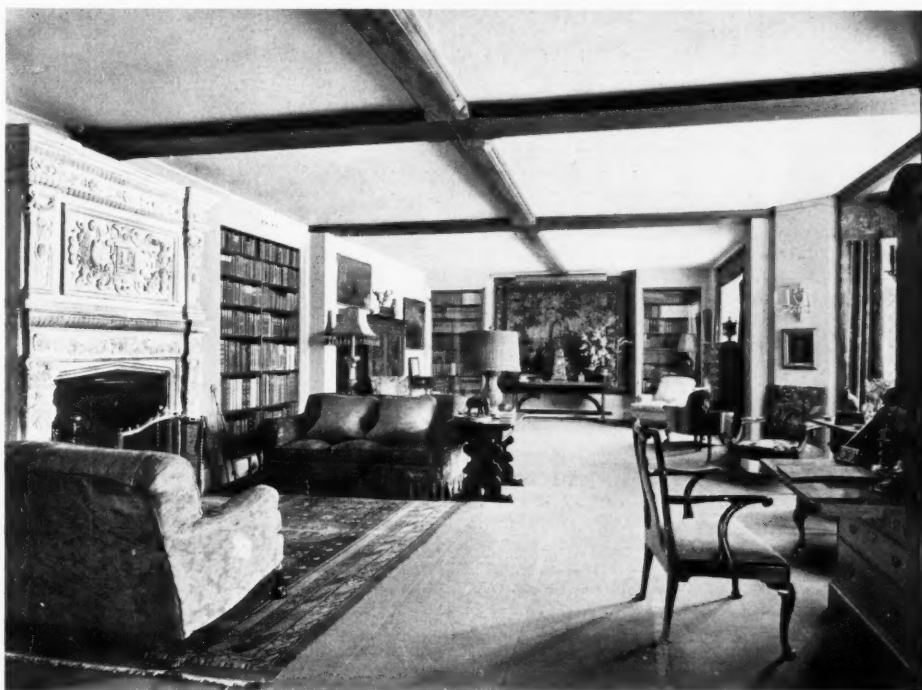


Copyright.

9.—AN EARLY TUDOR DOOR-CASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The initials are those of William Reche, elected prior in 1515.

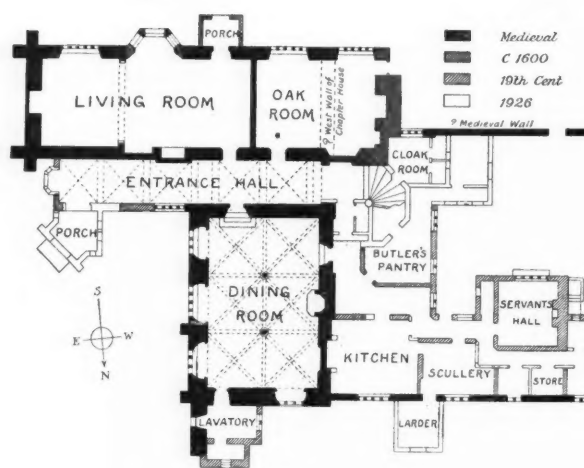


Copyright.

10.—THE LIVING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

been restored in accordance with the evidence of an old print which showed the state of the house about a hundred years ago. Besides giving the front a much greater appearance of dignity, they have made it possible to utilise the large amount of wasted roof space for extra bedrooms. On the ground floor, by the removal of a party-wall, one long room has been formed extending without a break from the porch as far as the east wall (Fig. 10). The stone chimneypiece of Elizabethan date is admirably in keeping with the room, at either end of which are two wall recesses framing fine Brussels tapestries. The adjoining room to the west has been panelled with old oak and given a plaster ceiling modelled on the well known example from the Reindeer Inn at Banbury (Fig. 8). Here have been hung some of the remarkably fine sporting pictures which Lord Fairhaven and his brother have collected at Anglesey. One of the most interesting is that which can be seen over the fireplace, a view of Newmarket Heath painted by



11.—PLAN.

Wootton about the year 1750. Several other Woottons in his more familiar style are to be found elsewhere in the house, and the four attic bedrooms have been amusingly decorated with prints of racing, coursing, hunting and shooting.

In its present well cared for condition Anglesey Abbey is a most charming country house. The old grey walls shaded by fine trees, look out across well tended lawns to the park beyond. The vicissitudes of so many centuries are forgotten—forgotten, too the years of neglect, in such tranquil surroundings. Even archaeological speculations are lulled to rest by the charm of the house, with its soft brown-tiled roof, its mullioned windows, its wistaria-covered walls. The graceful Latin inscription on a stone in the porch which the late Lord Birkenhead composed, has caught most happily the mood which the place evokes: "O si haec domus tantas passa vices, iamdudum quiescat." Instinctively one echoes back the wish.

ARTHUR OSWALD.

THE COUNTRY WORLD

THE Tiverton Hounds, which are described on another page, though not so long established as some others, are a "family" pack in more senses than one. Not only are the hounds themselves all closely related, but it is largely from the Amory family that the necessary support for them is drawn. Sir Ian Amory, whose unfortunate accident last week everyone regrets, besides being Master, hunts the hounds himself, and his son, Mr. Derick Amory whips in to him, while a surprisingly large number of the attendant horses have a rather old-fashioned air which can be traced to the absence of nosebands on their bridles—an indication that they belong to an Amory stable.

THE name of Amory is equally famous in connection with stag hunting. The kennels at Hensleigh, at present occupied by the Tiverton foxhounds, were built in 1896 by Sir John Amory when he formed a pack (hunted by his son, now Sir Ian Amory) to account for the wild red deer in that part of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds' country which lies to the south of the Taunton-Barnstaple railway. In 1911 Colonel H. H. Amory, another son, became Master and huntsman of this pack, the Tiverton Staghounds, and continued to show excellent sport up to 1919. Though the Tiverton Staghounds have now passed into other hands, there is no question that it was the Amorys who converted what had formerly been regarded as the haunts of some tiresome stray deer into a well organised stag-hunting country. Incidentally, the extraordinary increase in the number of deer in those parts shows that stag hunting is not a menace but a protection to the wild red deer.

EVERY angler who has an interest in the literature of his pastime, as well as a very large number of personal friends, must have read with the utmost regret of the untimely death of Mr. Hugh Sheringham. Not only was he the most popular figure in the whole angling fraternity, but he was the complete angler in every sense—both in the theory and the practice of his art. *Fishing, Its Cause, Treatment and Cure* is a book which few will forget in a hurry, and his more serious books on angling are already standard works. As for the more personal side of his life—if anything really can be more personal than his love of his craft, have we not that most charming and intimate book, *Ourselves When Young*?

THE untimely and tragic end of Mr. Philip Heseltine deserves a record in these notes, for his career as a composer and critic has been bound up with a love of beauty which belongs to the England of the countryside. His own creative work lay not a little in recapturing the native wood-notes wild of Elizabethan music in an idiom which does not sound archaic to us of to-day, and the brilliant "Capriol" Suite will enjoy the immortality that the genius of its composer deserves for having built so wonderful a bridge between the centuries. As a song writer, too, Philip Heseltine—or rather, Peter Warlock, for that was his pen name in music—was already doing notable work when still a boy at Eton, work again that derived much of its inspiration from Tudor models. Besides the music he has left us—alas! all too small in quantity—he stood as the professed champion of Debussy, the nature tone-poet whose work has something of the moral

qualities of our nature poets and at the same time the light and nervous tension of the French impressionist painters. His book on that composer is one of the best things in contemporary music criticism.

THE MAHARAJAH OF ALWAR, who was the outstanding figure—at least, from an oratorical point of view—at the British Sportsmen's Club luncheon to the Ruling Indian Princes, is a polo player of renown, and polo is essentially an Asiatic game. Its very name is said to be Tibetan, and its earliest records are Persian. From Persia it spread eastwards to China and Japan, and it certainly flourished in India at the time Sir Francis Drake was playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe. It afterwards fell into oblivion, and it was not until 1863 that General Sherar re-introduced it to Calcutta with two teams of Manipuri natives, who played an exhibition match. It did not reach England until six years afterwards, when the 9th Lancers played the 10th Hussars on Hounslow Heath with eight players aside.

BUT if polo is a game we owe to India, cricket—the game which the Maharajah of Patiala favours, which he plays with skill and supports with his constant patronage—is essentially a British game, and an English one at that. All the same, there have been few cricketers to equal the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, who is a near kinsman of the Maharajah of Alwar, and perhaps we may consider polo and cricket a fair exchange. As for the luncheon itself, no other chairman than Lord Lonsdale could possibly have been found, nor would the occasion have been in the least complete without the presence of Sir Claud de Crespigny and Lord Desborough.

THERE was announced in the *Times* of Monday the death, at the age of eighty-nine, of Captain Philip Gully, late of the 22nd Regiment and "last surviving son of the late John Gully of Ackworth Park, Yorkshire." Many people must have read the notice without realising that here was an interesting link with the remote past, for John Gully was born in 1783, was beaten by the Game Chicken in the year of Trafalgar and, after two triumphant battles with Gregson, retired from the Ring as the uncrowned champion of England seven years before Waterloo.

HIS subsequent and most romantic history is well known, how he "commenced inn keeper," became a betting man, and commission agent for his former patrons in the Ring, owned racehorses and won the Derby, owned collieries, and became a Member of Parliament for Pontefract. He died and was buried at Ackworth in 1863, and now, sixty-seven years later, the last of his twenty-four children has followed him.

THE death of Mary, Lady Napier of Magdala, last week, takes one back over more than seventy years of military history. The daughter of Major-General E. W. Smythe Scott, she met Sir Robert Napier, as he then was, at her father's house in Calcutta just before the China Expedition of 1860, and on his return from that campaign he again stayed at Calcutta to claim his friend's daughter as his bride. Lady Napier outlived her husband by more than forty years, and the latter part of her life was spent in the quiet seclusion of Hampton Court Palace.

CATCHING A RHINO

It is not often one catches a rhino in Africa, it is generally—as somebody says—very much otherwise. This one my wife and I caught, although only a baby, was capable of (and did) charge our native boys and knocked them over many times. The manner of our getting it was as follows. We were on *safari* up the slopes of Mount Kenya in heavy forest, in April last year, for the purpose of shooting a good rhino or buffalo, with hopes of meeting giant forest hog.

We live a few miles north of the Equator, which we had to cross before beginning our ascent of the mountain. We got up to about eight thousand feet and made our camp by the side of a beautiful stream, with tracks of rhino, elephant and other lesser game all round.

I got hold of an old Wanderobo (forest dwellers and hunters) and arranged to start at daybreak on the following day on our quest for rhino or buffalo. We were up before the Colobus monkeys in the surrounding forest started their morning cry, and first of all visited a salt lick about half a mile from camp, which, we saw, a single elephant, as well as rhino, had visited during the night. We followed on the elephant track through the forest, as it was an easy path to follow—one he often used apparently. The elephant was only a little way in front of us, but this did not interest me, as rhino was my first object. After going for about an hour, still in the elephant track and in big forest, we heard some branches being pulled down and a lot of cracking going on to our left. We thought at first we had come up with the elephant, but going off into the thick stuff the Wanderobo evidently saw something else, as he beckoned to me, and I crept up to him, when he whispered "faru," and I then saw, standing about forty yards off, a rhino, which had, as far as I could see in the thick undergrowth, a good horn (it turned out to be 23½ ins. front horn). The wind was right, so I got up a bit closer and fired for the heart with my .450 (Rigby). It fell at once, apparently dead, but I gave it another shot to make sure, for the only good rhino in thick bush is a dead rhino. When we got up to it, it was dead, and we found a youngster standing alongside, which we had not seen before, ready to charge everybody. As it did not seem inclined to run away, we thought we would try and catch it. We sent our two "Lumbwa" gunbearers back to camp to fetch a long rope, which, fortunately, we had brought with us. In the meantime we sat down for a couple of hours or so and waited, with the young rhino wandering round and looking at us.

When the men arrived with the rope the business of catching it started. One of the men holding the rope, with a noose at one end, stood on the dead rhino and tried to lasso the young one whenever it approached its mother. After a lot of slips



THE YOUNG RHINO BEING TAKEN BACK TO CAMP.

and escapes, we got it round its neck and pulled fast. On finding itself caught it screamed and charged like fury. The screaming made us all take our rifles and make for trees for fear of other rhino in the vicinity coming to investigate. However, none came, and we tried to start our journey back to camp.

The youngster, though only a few months old, charged all round, and three men on the rope could hardly hold it. It was by this method of charging which enabled us to get home. With three men holding the rope we got it to charge another man, who saved himself just in time by dodging around a tree. By a succession of these charges in the right direction for three hours we at last got it to camp and tied it up to a tree, where it tried to get at anyone who ventured near.

Next day we tried to get it to feed. We made a teat out of an old boot and fixed it to a whisky bottle filled with tinned milk and water. It smashed the first bottle in a wild charge. We then got a long pole with a piece of cloth saturated in milk tied to one end and held it to its mouth. It first smelt it, then tasted and finally began sucking the rag. We then drew the pole towards us and when near enough substituted the teat for the rag. It at once took hold and finished the whole bottle. Thus the trick was done and we knew could be done again.

After this, with a little preliminary snorting, it would take the bottle whenever offered. We sent miles for native milk and gave it as much as we could get. Next day I went off down the mountain and got a crate made and taken up. This we lured it into, and with the help of twenty natives hoisted it on to a motor lorry I had managed to get brought up near, and then set off for home, a matter of forty miles.

We, fortunately, had an empty pigsty with large yard, into which we turned it loose. It soon got accustomed to its new home and fed well on milk and maize meal, with a few tops of thorn trees between meals.

In less than a week it was as tame as a dog, would come when we called "Faru," romp and play, and then fall asleep with its head on my wife's knee. It grew rapidly during the month we had it, and its front horn was just showing. I offered it to the Zoological Gardens, London. We took it down to Mombasa, a journey of 500 miles, and shipped it off to England by B.I. steamer. It was, of course, put in the cook's charge, but friends on board promised to keep an eye on it. It was to be let out of its crate and allowed to run on the well deck as soon as the ship got to sea and deck cleared. This was the last we saw of it; after a good voyage, and doing justice to the dozen cases of milk and half a ton of sugar cane we provided, it arrived in London in perfect health, and is now flourishing in the Zoo under the name of "Kathleen," after my wife who helped to catch it, and then brought it up.

G. L. BAILEY.



AFTER A WEEK'S CAPTIVITY.



BEING FED FROM A BOTTLE.

AT THE THEATRE

DEVON AT THE DUCHESS.

WHAT does one expect of a new play by Mr. Eden Phillpotts with the title, "Jane's Legacy"? Well, first there will be Jane, who will be either twenty or fifty, more probably fifty, since there is a ring of antiquity about "Jane." This virgin will live in a clean, Devonshire farm-kitchen in a sunlight perpetually compounded of August noon and the Aurora Borealis. As to the legacy, we shall not be surprised if this be made to illustrate first the joy and then the dolor of riches suddenly acquired. And if, in the end, the legacy should prove sham, all the good people in the play become happy in its loss and all the ill confounded, we shall be less amazed than ever. It will be extraordinary if there is not one attractive young woman with a youthful swain of her own, as well as a less attractive, oafish lover who ought to belong to a less attractive nymph. It will be remarkable if there are any males in the play over twenty and less than ninety, and most remarkable if the latter are not paralysed and creeping personifications of senile wisdom.

With these previsions it was not at all startling that Jane Mortimore should declare herself fifty-five and unashamed of it. We first saw her "all mothered," as they would say in a less fragrant county, at the sum of one thousand pounds which had suddenly descended upon her. Jane had few desires. These were but to buy herself a "square" pianoforte—the period being a hundred years ago—and a medlar tree for her gloomy invalid brother with whose stomach medlars exceptionally agreed. This sour old man sat in a chair, like Grandfather Smallweed, and scowled for the greater part of the play at the soot on the top of his fire wherein he found and whereat he hurled black platitudes. Jane proposed to hand over the greater part of her money to a niece and a nephew. Niece Ivy had a blunt and orderly lover, John Ford, who loved her because she was "a cook and a Christian," and who happened to propose to her at the beginning of the play before he had heard of the legacy. Jane had an admirer, one Sergeant Merryweather Chugg, who pretended for no appreciable reason to have been a soldier and who, when he heard of the legacy, rushed round to propose marriage. The less comely lovers, Tom Sparrow and Emmeline Coode, were torn asunder because of the legacy, since Tom decided that he had been in love with Ivy after all. Jane had a sister, Mrs. Susan Thorn, who was of opinion that "that Chugg" was after that legacy when it might justly benefit her bright son, Ned, whose one ambition in life was the acquirement of a concertina. News of this same legacy had the effect upon John Ford of sending him round again to Ivy in a violent rage in order to break off the newly-made engagement. John was a man of stubborn principle, and his tempers were winning to watch. His point was that the minx got him under false pretences in not announcing her good fortune before his proposal! Someone who observed the first dire effect of the good news upon John Ford said of him that he grew as red as a turkey-cock and his eyeballs jingled! Ivy, after much loud lamentation, accepted Tom Sparrow, to the fierce indignation of the aforesaid Emmeline. All these dissensions were not propitious to the spirit of the tea-party which Jane gave in the garden in the second act. Indeed, the proceedings began with Ivy and Emmeline attempting to scratch out each other's eyes, and concluded with John Ford and Tom Sparrow rolling round the stage in fierce combat, the while the Sergeant got drunk and disgraced himself for ever in the eyes of Jane. The last act brought a stranger with prior claims to the money, since to the benefactor she, the stranger, had been wet-nurse whereas Jane had been mere needlewoman! The prior claim having been established without tedious document or tiresome lawyer, Jane and her brother thanked the stranger profusely for taking the bewildering money off their hands. Thus Jane was left happy with poverty and pianoforte, her brother ditto with misery and his medlar-tree, and her nephew content for aye with concertina. The Sergeant proved, to the general horror, to be a bad lot, and no Sergeant at all, Tom Sparrow was revealed to all for the time-server he really was, and John Ford was so delighted at the departure of the accursed lucre that he re-proposed to Ivy and was accepted with loud tears of joy by that emotional gaby. And so it turned out that there had been nothing in the slightest degree unlooked-for in the entertainment, with the possible exception that one of the elderly males was more scoundrel than sage and not appreciably over sixty.

It is, you see, a jolly, absurd little story, and is told by Mr. Phillpotts with a smooth facility of contrivance. There are no loose ends, and everything is as taut as a cider-barrel. This

is, when all is said, the best play in the long series we have had since "Yellow Sands," and the news to hand that "Jane's Legacy" was written before that piece does not alter that fact. One grows to like Mr. Phillpotts's very faults. Someone in the first act will go out of the kitchen to look at the weather and our ears expect to hear within the instant: "Why, here comes Emmeline Coode!" or "Why, if it ain't Sergeant Chugg coming up't garden!" And they do hear it. With one exception, every character who comes on during the first act is announced in this manner. Again, one grows accustomed to the open house kept by this playwright's chief character, a come-and-go hospitality prevailing which must make the public bar of the village hostelry by comparison an anchorite's cell. The piece is delightfully acted at the Duchess Theatre, and though Mr. Henry Caine's Sparrow seems to hail from Denbigh and Mr. Frank Pettingell's Chugg from County Down, there is for the most part a good Devonshire burr in the air. To Jane Miss Louise Hampton brings her wonted sensitiveness and even more pathos than the character perhaps deserves. As Ivy and John, Miss Viola Lyel and Mr. Colin Keith-Johnston are in their element, an element to which these pleasant players are more than necessary. Mr. Frank Moore is as utterly miserable as is required of him, and Miss Barbara Gott duly tarts as the sister. By far the most remarkable feature of the production is to be discerned in the elaborate precautions taken to prevent Miss Kathleen Harrison from running away with this particular play. A year or two ago, Miss Harrison, in the part of a maidservant, ran away with a play called "The Cage," the prerogative on that occasion of Miss Ffrangcon-Davies. For this the actress was apparently sent into exile, whence she recently reappeared first to nobble the honours in Mr. Sherriff's "Badger's Green" and then to steal "The Man Who Kissed His Wife" from Miss Iris Hoey. In the present instance Miss Harrison was dumped down at the tea-party as John Ford's sister, Daisy. She was given a bare dozen words to speak, and was so "produced" that for most of her time she must sit at table with her back to the audience. But you can't defeat a fine actress so easily, and Miss Harrison, to the audience's delight, spent her time swotting imaginary wasps off a raspberry-fool, and did so in a daft, pink dress and the most singular art. That silent wench was so blessed in her purposelessness and of a mentality so fearfully and wonderfully made, that the characters around her, for all their ostensible reality, began to take on its opposite. I doubt whether London will be allowed to see this actress again. This time she has indeed put the lid on it.

GEORGE WARRINGTON.

THE PLAYBILL.

New Arrivals.

JANE'S LEGACY.—*Duchess.*

"You will almost have formed a just notion of the thing."—*Gray to Mr. West, from Paris, April 12th, 1739.*

TO SEE OURSELVES.—*Ambassadors.*

"It is in fashion, and is a new and original kind of humour."—*Gray to Dr. Wharton from Pembroke Hall, August 26th, 1766.*

A PAIR OF TROUSERS.—*Criterion.*

"The thing itself does not want its beauties, but the actors are beyond measure delightful."—*Gray to Mr. West, from Paris, April 12th, 1739.*

CHELSEA FOLLIES.—*Victoria Palace.*

"To one's great joy, it is every now and then interrupted by a dance."—*Gray to Mr. West, from Paris, April 12th, 1739.*

CAVIARE.—*Little.*

"The prettiest insipid company."—*Gray to Mr. West, from London, 1737.*

Tried Favourites.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.—*Old Vic.*

"The genteel thing in the world."—*Gray to Mr. West, from Paris, April 12th, 1739.*

THE BREADWINNER.—*Vaudeville.*

"In short, there are faults, but such as an ordinary man could never have committed."—*Gray to Dr. Wharton, from Cambridge, March 9th, 1748.*

HER FIRST AFFAIRE.—*Duke of York's.*

"Hoydening and rude familiarity."—*Gray to Mr. Stonehewer, from Cambridge, August 18th, 1758.*

ALMOST A HONEYMOON.—*Garrick.*

"The characters have a great deal of nature, which always pleases even in her lowest shapes."—*Gray to Mr. West, from London, April, 1742.*

STREET SCENE.—*Globe.*

"A tragedy that has had a great run of late."—*Gray to Mr. West, from Paris, April 12th, 1739.*

THE WAY TO TREAT A WOMAN.—*Whitehall.*

"We all must submit to that wayward queen; I too in no small degree own her sway."—*Gray to Mr. West, from Peterhouse, December, 1736.*

CORRESPONDENCE

A SPOTTED FLYCATCHER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It was on a stormy day in early July that the young flycatcher, having been discovered in the road by a dog, was picked up and brought to me. A speckled ball of wet fluff about an inch and a half in diameter, he seemed barely alive. The following day he left Surrey in a cardboard box, and came with me to London, where, for the next fortnight, it seemed as if my life existed only to keep that yawning beak filled with egg and insects soaked in milk. I also bought a mixture of ants' eggs and preserved flies called Cecto, with excellent results, for the bird grew stronger every day, and was soon hopping about the room and stretching his small wings. Every Friday to Monday we went back to the country, and week by week the bird improved his flight, so that by the beginning of August he could reach the highest tops of the trees. For a long time he refused to catch his own flies, preferring to sit on a bough and watch me catch them in a glass box; so soon as I had one he would swoop down on me and ask for it. Little green grasshoppers were easily secured, and these were much in demand. Only occasionally, when sitting on my wrist, he would exert himself and make blind darts into the air, always returning with an empty beak, and blaming me heartily. In other ways, however, he was becoming extremely intelligent: he could always find his way back to my window, which he did whenever it rained or he felt hungry; he could recognise my voice, and never failed to answer my call; and, above all, he never allowed himself to be bullied by other birds. I have watched him often, surrounded by a collection of inquisitive fitches, and have seen him chased once by a robin and several times by a flycatcher, but each time he held his own, and poured a beakful of abuse over his pursuers. He could also attack a bee on the window without getting stung, and swallow a cabbage-moth, wings and all.

It was now the third week in August and I was due to go to Salzburg in a few days' time. I had not the slightest doubt that the bird would have to come, too; he was already familiar with trains and motors, having accompanied me to Devonshire and Sutton Courtenay, where he spent all his time in the garden and on the village roofs, only returning in the evening to roost in my room.

On August 21st, therefore, I started for Salzburg, holding the bird in what looked like a brown paper parcel, and some glass boxes well supplied with flies and grasshoppers for the journey. It was rough sea, and I was glad to reach the train, after having to explain at the Douane that a flycatcher was not a germ carrier like a parrot. I paused in Paris, and released the bird for half an hour; he immediately had a bath and stretched his wings for a while, before we got into a dirty second-class compartment for the night. Breakfast at Basle next day was refreshing for me, and the bird devoured the last flies in the box. Luckily, the train was well supplied, and he amused himself all day hunting them round the carriage. At night the guard and a large crowd of spectators came to watch his performance; it was, indeed, a peculiar sight to see a flycatcher perched unconcernedly on the luggage rack catching flies neatly around the electric light, and even snapping one up off the coat of a passenger—"ein Drossel," declared someone; "ein Spatz" said another!

We arrived in Salzburg at 10 o'clock that night, and I was relieved to find that my room (although on the third floor) looked out on to the garden.

When I awoke next morning the bird was gone, but he reappeared at 8 o'clock and seemed very pleased with himself. The day was certainly a delicious one, and the garden pleasant enough for any bird. A pine tree stretched its branches almost half way up to my window, and beyond it, over the streets and behind the railway, there were green fields leading to blue hills and freedom.

I can hardly tell what life the bird led during those ten days we were in Austria. I was out nearly all day myself, and only saw him in the evening and early morning. I know that about midday most of the birds left the garden, and mine was never to be found then. He would come back from the country about 5 o'clock, presumably with a company of flycatchers, because I used to

watch them all together, sitting on the wire netting of the tennis court. I only knew that mine was among them because he answered when I called and, to the great surprise of the others, flew up to my room. Twice a strange flycatcher came up with him to explore, but only ventured on to the outer ledge of the window sill.

He usually slept out of doors now, and it was a surprise when, on returning from the opera late at night, I occasionally found him in my room. I can see him now, enthroned on the back of a heavily carved gold and white chair, cross at first when the light was turned on, but presently becoming all too affectionate, and insisting, in spite of my protests, on using me as his roosting tree.

On August 31st we made our last journey together. The bird was in a bad temper, and very sulky when we got to Munich. At 3.30 we arrived at Garmisch, where I stayed with Herr and Frau Hirth. I fed the bird, and took a long look at him, for I felt somehow that it was the last time I should see him. He was quite happy again, and sat on my arm a while in front of the open window. Not a trace of the nestling was to be seen now, the yellow mottled appearance had vanished, and the breast had changed to a dull white faintly streaked with brown and tinged at the sides with cinnamon. The beak was strong, and the cheeks now furnished with a black

and I am quite sure the flycatcher has taken the same course."

This is the end of the story, but there is still room for speculation. I wonder if anyone knows where this bird will come back to next year? Will it be to Bavaria with the same birds that left with him, or to Surrey where he was reared? I feel that as he has already lived through so many strange happenings he may yet be among the few that survive the risks of migration. For this, as for every reason, I look forward hopefully to the spring.—PHYLLIS SPENDER-CLAY.

"NATURAL PYRAMIDS."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Fisher, need not go as far as Italy to see these. There are several in a wood close to the celebrated salmon pool Alt Dearg on the river Spey, about two miles up-stream from Fochabers, or less. They also are formed of red rock, and surmounted, some of them, by stones.—R. COMBE.

AT OWNER'S RISK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph of a hanging bridge over Rio Colorado in Chanchamayo, Peru. These hanging bridges are, as is this one, only meant for pedestrians and mule and llama packs, but at present a few rash motorists



DON'T HALLOO TILL YOU'RE OVER THE BRIDGE.

moustache. A moment later he was gone. I spent the following day at Oberammergau, and in the evening, when I returned, a heavy storm was threatening. I searched the garden, and even the woods and hills, listening for the small shrill answer to my call, but a terrible silence hung over the woods, and only a sinister hawk glided over the dark hills. It poured with rain all night, and next day I left Garmisch alone. The parting was so bitter that I wanted to wait for him, but I could only have taken him north to Scotland, and the time had now come for him to travel south to Africa. The memory of that storm and the hawk was hard to forget, and I thought I would never hear of him again; but ten days after I left I had a letter from my hostess, Frau Hirth. She wrote on September 7th: "Your little bird came back yesterday in best condition and form. He was awfully sweet and sat in the apple tree watching your window. My servants had seen him first, and they fetched me. I rushed to your room and got the food ready for him as I had seen you doing it. Your little friend watched me carefully, but then he found something much more interesting in the apple tree, he caught something, seemed to enjoy it very much and flew away again, first into the high pine trees, and then off to the hills."

On October 12th Frau Hirth wrote again: "I know that your bird was alive and very happy until quite short ago. He came back to the garden several times, always to the apple tree and always flying to the hill again. Then came bad weather and I saw our swallows all sitting on the telephone wire and talking to each other; that was also the last time I saw your flycatcher. In this night it was snowing on the tops of the mountains, and the clever birds had known it before, for the swallows were gone for good the next morning,

use it, at considerable risk, as shown in the picture.—ELENA GAFFRON.

THE HOOPOE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the Marquess of Tavistock's letter in your issue of December 13th. His erudite and experienced knowledge of the habits of birds in confinement make me hesitate replying to so interesting a letter; but, as I have frequently pointed out, the behaviour of birds in confinement is no criterion of their behaviour in their natural conditions. The starling was once a highly specialised insectivorous bird (and is still so in some countries), but the enormous increase in this species and the rook in this country forces me to one conclusion only, that we have too many birds feeding upon the same kind of food and, in consequence, both have supplemented their diet by resorting to "a more vegetarian régime." In other words, they take what is most plentiful and easiest obtainable. There may be "tons of worms and insects in excess of what the largest wild bird population require," but much of it is not accessible, and only a certain amount daily. It requires much seeking, and, with the enormous increase of certain species of wild birds feeding upon the same kind of food, it is quickly exhausted, hence it has to be supplemented by food of another kind.

Interesting as are the habits of birds in confinement, they can never form a basis for deductions as to their behaviour in the free and natural conditions. This fact has been commented upon again and again: indeed, one may go so far as to state that all experiments on feeding wild birds in captivity have very little bearing on questions relating to their natural food and feeding habits.—WALTER E. COLLINGS.



THE THREE-TOED ECHIDNA.

A MAMMAL THAT LAYS EGGS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A remarkable and interesting addition to the collection of mammals at the Zoological Gardens is a three-toed echidna. It comes from New Guinea, and is now extremely rare.

Also known as the *præchidna*, the species was first brought to the notice of zoologists in the year 1876. The first living specimens ever seen in Europe arrived at the Amsterdam Zoo on November 27th, 1912, and shortly afterwards two individuals were secured by the London Zoological Society. One of the latter is still alive, but few people know of its existence, as it is nocturnal in habits and never shows itself during the daytime. The new arrival is the property of Lord Rothschild.

The young of the *præchidna* are hatched from eggs laid by the female, which then nourishes her offspring in the usual mammalian manner. Her milk, however, is not discharged through teats, but oozes out from numerous small pores that are situated in a temporary pouchlike depression formed by a folding of the skin upon the under surface of her body.—W. S. B.

THE SMALLEST SCHOOL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In view of the Government Education Bill, the enclosed photograph may be of interest to your readers. This is Clashgour School, some five miles from Bridge of Orchy, Argyll. The school building is, I should think, the smallest in the United Kingdom, measuring, roughly, 12ft. square. The building is set down on the open hillside and serves the requirements of a few scattered cottages. The group shows the mistress with her entire school of five; there is, however, accommodation for eight.

On account of its exposed position and nearness to the river, the track up the glen is often impassable owing to floods or snow-drifts. This is the cause of sundry days being recorded in the school register as blank!—H. W. BURNUP.

THE EXPRESSION OF THE EMOTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The peculiar habit of a Sealyham belonging to a friend may interest some of your readers. The dog, besides exhibiting the ordinary expressions of pleasure on welcoming its friends, also runs to a room upstairs and licks and bites a particular spot on a plank and then rushes down to continue its earlier demonstrations. I have heard of another dog of the same breed which behaves in a similar manner.—T. R. G.



A SELECT ACADEMY.

A VILLAGE RELIC.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The bell of which I send you a photograph is the beadle's bell of a Wiltshire village. The metal merchant who sold it to me bought it with some old harness and other "junk" at a small country sale which took place at a public-house called The Rattlebone Inn. After the sale, an old fellow in the Rattlebone told him that he knew the bell well and had always known it as the beadle's bell.

The wooden handle is 10ins. from point to point and exactly fits the hand. It is joined to the bell by leather thongs held by two wooden studs 2ins. in length. The bell itself is 6½ins. high, diameter at top 7½ins., and at base 4½ins. The circumference of the base is 16ins. and the length over all exactly 1ft. The slightest movement of the handle produces a fine, deep, sonorous tone.—GEOFFREY BRADLEY.



THE BEADLE'S BELL.

that he was, presumably, one Baudicus, who either dedicated or signed the mosaic.—Ed.]

"THE DEAF ADDER."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—COUNTRY LIFE of February 4th, 1928, contained an illustrated article under the above heading, and mentioned "the belief that the mother adder will swallow down her young at the first threat of danger, only bringing them up, Jonah-wise, when the coast is clear."

Correspondence followed in later issues relating instances of woodmen, keepers and others who had seen the parent swallow her young in, presumably, time of danger—otherwise it would be purely cannibal and perverted action on her part.

Another possible alternative is that it was not the parent at all, but a hungry viper, coming on a litter of newly born adders, making a meal of them—and quite possibly a male adder. Without careful examination, probably not made at the time, the natural assumption would be that it was the female and the parent. A really hungry reptile will eat anything it can overcome, and often try to eat things it cannot.

Dr. N. Morrison, writing to a contemporary weekly paper in December, 1928, gave an interesting account of a pregnant female he picked up on October 1st, 1928, which produced eight young on October 8th. The female showed no maternal instinct towards her offspring and at no time did they make any attempt to enter her mouth. He discovered that after the third day the young had acquired the potent poison, a most interesting discovery, showing that the virulence of the poison is

not in proportion with the degree of physical development. The young were growing fast at three months of age, but, like their parent, refused all food. The reward of £5—later increased to £10—I was allowed to offer through the courtesy of COUNTRY LIFE has not been claimed, and I regret to say not a single specimen received by Dr. W. E. Collinge with young in the throat or stomach, and the time has now lapsed.

Instances quoted by correspondents took place many years ago—thirty to forty years—but now so many observant people carry hand cameras when about in the country there should be a better chance of obtaining a snapshot of an adder swallowing young, and if one was obtained with the young coming out again, it would be a great triumph to prove the belief mentioned in the article quoted.—M. PORTAL.

A ROMAN FONT AT TIMGAD.

Basilica at Timgad and was found in the excavations of 1908. It has been described by Ballu (*Bulletin Archæologique du Comité*, 1909) and by de Pachère, and dates from the fourth-fifth centuries, A.D. There are other similar fonts in Roman North Africa. Mr. Roger Hinks of the British Museum, who kindly supplied this information, was not able to answer the question who "Baudigne" was, so

ing account of a pregnant female he picked up on October 1st, 1928, which produced eight young on October 8th. The female showed no maternal instinct towards her offspring and at no time did they make any attempt to enter her mouth. He discovered that after the third day the young had acquired the potent poison, a most interesting discovery, showing that the virulence of the poison is

o

3
e
e
g
y
n

n
of
o
er
of
e
d

is
l,
a
g
y
ul
it
n
e
y
-
it

a
n
t-
d
d
e
e
r
y
d
d
y,
s
e
-
g
e
e
ll
5
-
er
of
ot
et
i-
7.
n
d
d
l.
y
e
o
o
e
n
e
e
ot
g
is
g
d
o
a-
le